

Bruce Hutchison

TAKES

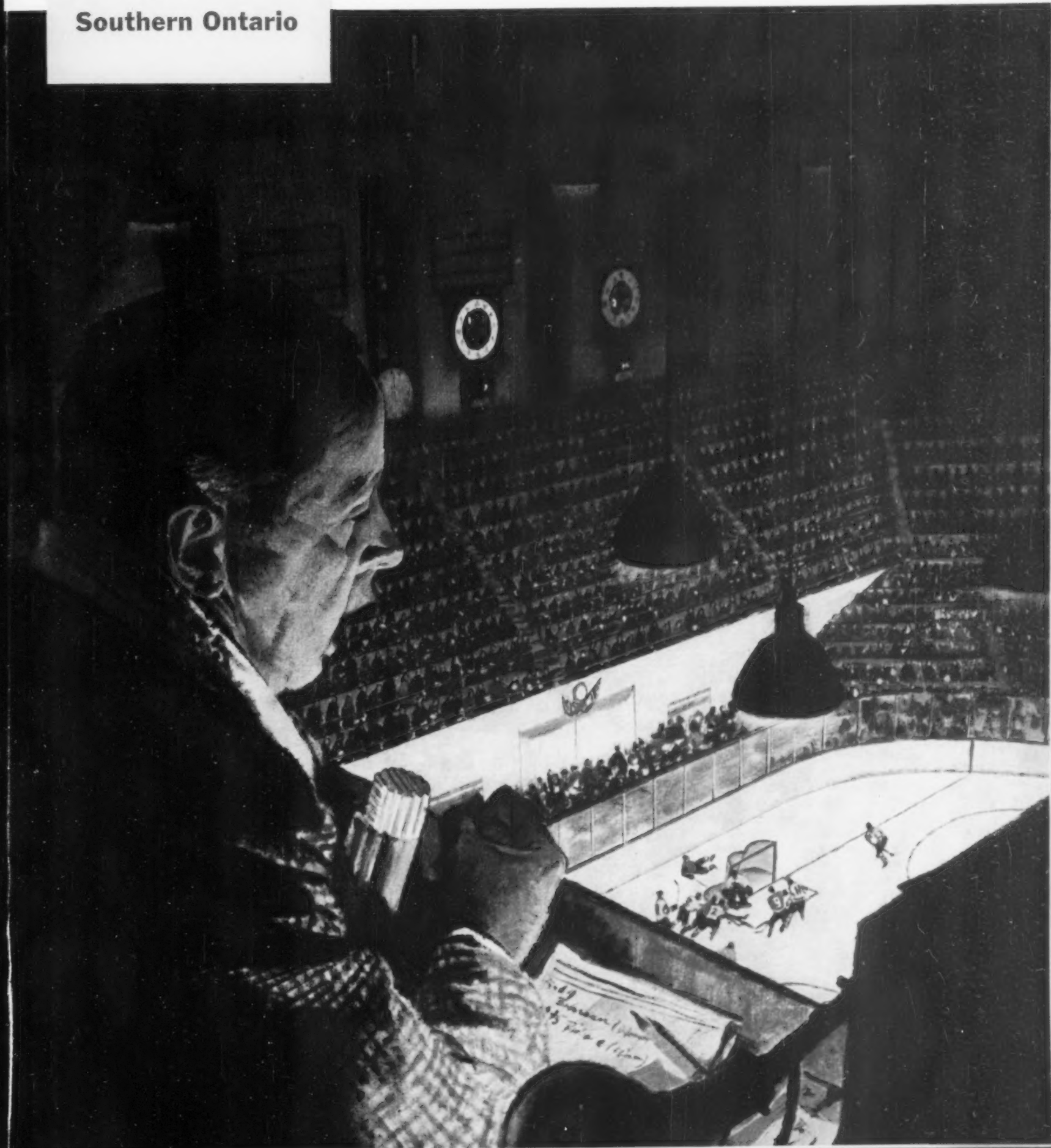
A CRITICAL LOOK

AT

Southern Ontario

MACLEAN'S

MARCH 3 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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EDITORIAL

Parliament no longer governs

WE DON'T think many Canadians—of whatever political persuasion—would seriously claim that Canada's national interest has been seriously harmed by the kind of government we have been getting from Ottawa in the last half-dozen years.

Many do argue, and produce evidence in support of the argument, that we'd be better off if we'd had a Conservative, CCF or Social Credit administration during that period. But if only because the country, rather manifestly, is not going to the dogs, it's difficult to accuse the Liberals of sending it there.

The pervasive feeling that Uncle Louis's in his heaven and all's right with the world is perhaps natural enough among us ordinary people. We know what's going on only in a large, general and usually comfortable way, and in any case we have no quick means of correcting what, if anything, is wrong.

But this national complacency is not nearly so excusable in the one large group of citizens who have the machinery to put a brake on it and restore to the nation at least some trace of the critical and careful self-examination that made us a nation in the first place. The one group that has this power immediately at hand is the federal parliament.

Anyone who has been glancing lately at Hansard or at a reasonably good newspaper must have been reminded that parliament has ceased to be the chief official critic of the nation's conduct and its conscience. Much worse, the Parliament of Canada has ceased to be, in any real sense, the government of Canada. It still has the power to govern. Nevertheless, it continues to acquiesce blindly in all cabinet actions and pronouncements voting almost as dependably on its party lines as that final horror of legislative horrors, the Supreme Soviet of the USSR.

The current session of the Commons has been marked by a commendable vigor on the part of some MPs in opposition. But it has also produced

more than one example of the Liberal majority's willingness to be pushed around, led around and, when it suits the cabinet's convenience, ridiculously misled by the Liberal cabinet. One of these was the remarkable series of questions and answers revolving around Canada's sale of a number of military training planes to Egypt. At first Mr. Pearson, the Minister of External Affairs, told the House he knew nothing of any such sale. Later Mr. Campney, the Minister of National Defense, said he had "no knowledge of the matter." Still later Mr. Pearson took refuge behind the word "recently," by which he had qualified his original reply. Donald Fleming, a Conservative MP, attempted to show that the cabinet had actually discussed and approved the sale five months before. Thereupon Mr. Howe, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, intervened to say the cabinet discussion had taken place seven months before. Quite clearly it was Mr. Howe's purpose to show that because Mr. Fleming, the member of the opposition, was out by a few weeks in the absolutely unimportant matter of timing it was he who was in essential error. The Messrs. Pearson and Campney, who were wrong in the essential truth, had therefore become right. Having made his point Mr. Howe stalked out of the House in triumph. He seemed wholly secure in the knowledge that no important segment of his own party would challenge his foolish and insulting assumptions; it would be a waste of time to carry the discussion any further.

We hasten to remind our readers that in the past Maclean's has found itself in agreement at various times with various political groups. These remarks are not those of the habitual supporter or opponent of any particular party.

Nevertheless we are genuinely concerned—and invite others to share our concern—about what is happening in this country to the general process frequently described as good government. For our part, we're still reasonably sure it's good. We're not quite so sure it's government in the sense originally intended.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC MAKES THE APPLIANCES MOST WOMEN WANT MOST . . .

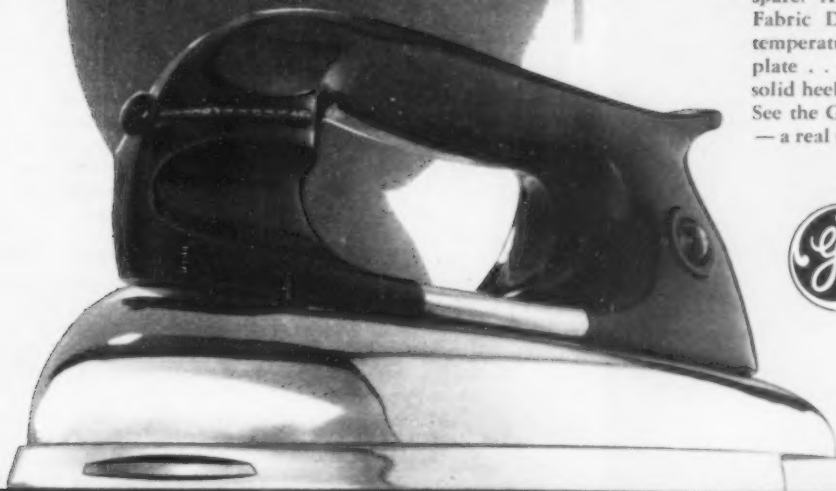
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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



The Canada I leave behind

WHEN ONE stays at home there is a rhythm to life which does not alter greatly with the passing of time. The seasons have their exits and their entrances. The neighbors, like ourselves, live on twenty-fours a day. And, as the years go by, we note that the man next door is looking older.

But when we journey abroad there is the zest of unexpectedness. The airplane has become the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights except that the original carpet was independent of the weather and could take off any time to suit its passenger.

I am writing these words on the veranda of Lord Beaverbrook's house in Jamaica. Yesterday I was at his house in Nassau. In three or four days the magic carpet will arrive and take me to New York. Yet at Nassau there is a statue to Christopher Columbus who took weeks to get anywhere. It does not seem fair. In Nassau there was a bite in the air like October in Scotland. The beaches were as deserted as the one on which Robinson Crusoe was wrecked. Nor is Jamaica quite her sunny self.

But there was nothing indecisive nor unseasonable about the winter in Montreal when I went there as part of this winter's sentimental journey. As the train from Toronto slithered into the Montreal station some three hours late, there was an arctic edge to the wind. Nor did it soften in the long drive to the country house of an old friend. What a splendid idea to have a week-end house in a place where you can have yachting in the summer and skiing in the winter.

It seemed a pity when we had to leave the silence of the snow-covered lake and the warmth of the fireside for the crowded existence of the metropolis of Montreal. But men must work if women will spend.

Nevertheless Toronto was my home and Toronto is the mecca to which I always come as a pilgrim from the Old World. In my youth Montreal was regarded as a wicked city, whereas Toronto was crowned with virtue. Therefore it was rather a shock on this visit to find that Montreal has a dignity and a sense of the

Continued on page 54



Toronto: "The city of uplift has become North America's boom town."

Baxter discovers a new tale of two cities



Montreal: "It was rather a shock to find that Montreal has dignity."



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



"LIFE" GOES TO A (LYNCHING) PARTY

Life with Dulles: true or false?

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, U. S. Secretary of State, may or may not have hurt the Republican Party with his "verge of war" interview in Life magazine. But there's no doubt he did permanent irreparable damage to himself personally among foreign service officers of allied governments with whom, as Secretary of State, he has to deal. He destroyed their confidence in him as a leader of the leader of the anti-communist coalition.

The loss of confidence isn't all due to the "verge of war" statement itself. Wits have fun with Dulles' "vergin' diplomacy," but it can be taken as a clumsy expression of accepted and common policy: "Stand firm, don't flinch at threats, make the enemy know that an attack on one is an attack on all and would have suicidal results for the aggressor."

The trouble is not the declaration of principle but the examples used to illustrate it. Life's article cited three incidents—the sudden release of prisoners by South Korea in 1953, the climax of the Indo-China war in 1954, and the Formosa Strait crisis about a year ago—to show how Dulles had "gambled and won" by going to "the brink of war."

In fact, Dulles was bluffing, certainly in some and probably in all of these cases.

"It's lucky the Russians know there are some places where we aren't bluffing," a former admirer of Dulles said recently. "It's lucky they know an attack on a NATO country really would start a war. But in these peripheral cases Dulles wouldn't have had any support at all."

Dulles could not have gone to war

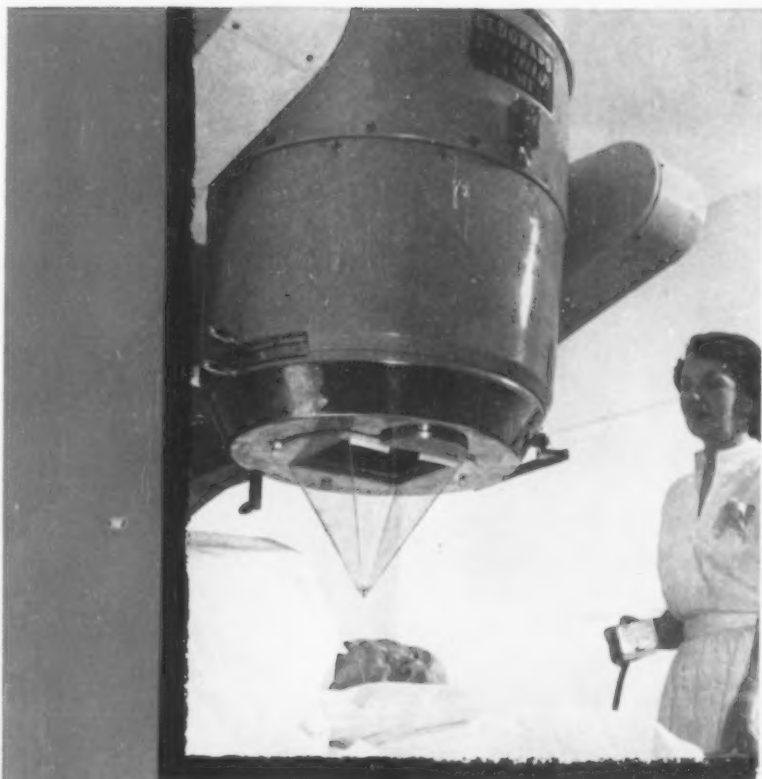
over Indo-China, and if the Communists didn't know it then they know it now. Some American admirals and generals wanted to intervene, but President Eisenhower overruled them on April 24, 1954.

If Dulles was ready to go to war over the coastal islands Quemoy and Matsu—and the Formosa Strait crisis was over these islands, not over any imminent threat to Formosa itself—he gave a very different impression at the time to friend and foe alike. The impression he gave was that the United States was as anxious as Red China to withdraw Chiang Kai-shek's troops from these offshore islands, but felt they couldn't be withdrawn under a threat of force. Friendly nations were asked to let the Chinese know that if they would just keep quiet, the U. S. would persuade Chiang to get out peaceably. No such persuasion has been evident, it's true, nor is any likely in an election year, but that was the Dulles line as allied countries understood it a year ago.

As for the release of prisoners by Korean President Syngman Rhee, the Korean War was a United Nations affair. It is true that the UN, under pressure from the United States, did issue a "warning declaration" that if the armistice talks at Panmunjom broke down and hostilities were resumed, it would "probably not be possible to confine the battle to Korea." But this assumed that hostilities would be reopened by the Communists, unprovoked by any aggressive act from the South.

L. B. Pearson, Canada's Minister of External Affairs, was president of the UN

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Canadian Achievement..

The Cobalt "Bomb"

The radio-active cobalt bomb is a striking instance of the humanitarian aspects of atomic energy. Used in the treatment of deep-seated cancerous tumors, the cobalt bomb emits high energy gamma rays equivalent to the energies developed by a 3,000,000 volt x-ray machine.

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Now in operation in eight countries with another destined for Burma under the Colombo Plan, the cobalt bomb is an outstanding achievement by Canadian scientists, machine designers and craftsmen.

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The Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company



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All in all, there's no better family car than a '56 Chevrolet. So why not see your dealer about one today?

Here's a car-care tip: If the small fry get candy stains on the upholstery, simply rub the spot with a cloth wet with very hot water. If traces of stain remain, sponge with carbon tetrachloride.



Let's stop building \$15,000 shacks



BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

As the managing editor of the authoritative journal *Electrical Contractor*, the author has made a full-time study of home and industrial building in Canada.

There's a tragic catch in our home-building boom . . . walls that crack, floors that warp and plumbing that fails. Here's how unscrupulous, inept builders cheat thousands of Canadians

THIS YEAR about a hundred and twenty-five thousand Canadian families will undergo the fascinating and sometimes dispiriting experience of buying a new home. Most of them will assume—if it's their first house—that a builder selling a fifteen-thousand-dollar product must be competent and honest. It will come as an expensive shock to some buyers to find that many builders know little about building and care even less about the customer. In perhaps no other business do people get away with so much ineptitude and dishonesty on such a large scale at such expense to their victims.

Owners of new homes find that their roofs leak, their floors warp, their paint peels and fades, their electric fuses blow out and their basements are indoor pools. In thousands of new homes a faucet turned on in the kitchen turns off the hot water in the bathroom or makes such a noise in the nursery that it frightens the children. A house will have a good heating system and no insulation whatsoever, or it will be insulated right to the gables and have a heating system barely strong enough to heat a telephone booth. The heart and soul of the modern home—the electrical system—is often out of date the

day the new owner walks in the door.

The shortcomings of new housing today are a national problem in Canada. In Vancouver one architect, John Porter, complained recently about "the scandalous amount of jerry building" permitted there. In Winnipeg, Walter Bergman, the secretary-manager of the Winnipeg House Builders Association, reported that dishonest builders and low-grade construction were a growing problem. A Toronto planning consultant, Dr. Eugene Faludi, gave some idea of the size of the problem when he said that only about fifteen percent of

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How Stratford went to Broadway



The swirling violence of Tamburlaine had ended.
The lights went up and a glittering audience stood and cheered.
This is how Canada's Stratford Festival Company
gambled and worked for that moment

BY JUNE CALLWOOD PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN AND HERB NOTT

ON JANUARY 19 a Broadway marquee the color of new blood hung heavy over a surging opening-night crowd, dotted with ambassadors and celebrities, that had come to see the Stratford Festival Company of Canada in a sixteenth-century play called Tamburlaine the Great. Many in the audience saw the night as Canadian theatre standing tall, achieving its full growth after a largely unloved and faltering adolescence.

Inside the Winter Garden theatre, close to sixty Canadian actors and actresses were staring unbelievably at their reflections in dressing-room mirrors. For all of them the night was the culmination of as many as twenty years of living on hope and not much food. The Broadway opening had happened at last; tension, panic and excitement watered their knees and turned their stomachs.

"This is the first time that our northern neighbor will have exported a major theatrical company," Robert W. Dowling, chairman of the International Exchange Program of the U. S. State Department, had announced earlier. "It is an occasion worthy of tribute, which the State Department salutes." (Few on Broadway

remember the tender French-Canadian play *Ti-Coq*, brought to New York a few years ago by Montreal's Gratiem Gelin. It closed after three performances.)

The boxes in the stately theatre had been draped with flags and bunting. Heads craned to watch Marlene Dietrich coming down the aisle, wearing two coats—a brocade one on top of a mink. Raymond Massey waited for an usher with his ticket stubs in his hand, and Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. waved his program at a friend. A lovely woman in a sari leaned over the edge of the Pakistan ambassador's box to stare at Jinx Falkenburg in a gold leather coat.

Behind the stage curtain, the production was receiving its final check. It had been reshaped, edited or restaged every day since its first performance two weeks before in Toronto. David Gardner, a burly young actor who was to deliver the prologue, waited in the darkness at the back of the stage and heard the orchestra in the pit play *The Star Spangled Banner* and, after a pause, *God Save the Queen*. He swallowed and tried to steady his breathing as the curtain slowly rose.

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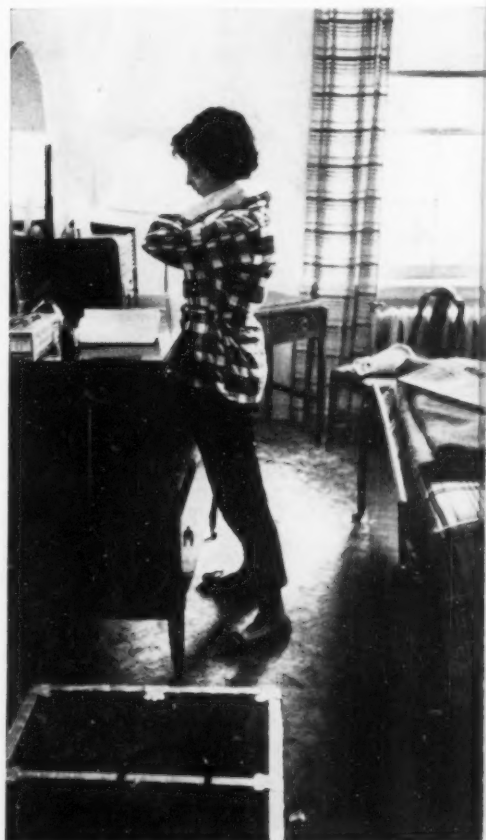
A GIRL'S
FIRST FLING
ON THE
GREAT
WHITE WAY



HER TRIP: Deborah Cass, who has a bit part in *Tamburlaine*, uses travel time to New York rehearsing lines with David Gardner. In the background director Guthrie naps.



HER ARRIVAL: An excited Deborah, who comes from Transcona, Man., sees New York for the first time as she walks from the train with Mrs. Guthrie (centre) and actors.



HER HOPES: Intent on a career, Deborah talks them over with her mirror in the hotel room.



On stage at New York's Winter Garden Tyrone Guthrie rehearses the Tamburlaine cast before its much-discussed opening on Broadway.



HER JOB: Rehearsing is hard work and Deborah (right) takes a coffee break here with fellow players. She also understudies Barbara Chilcott (left), Tamburlaine's wife.



HER BILLING: There were no names in lights as the Winter Garden headlined "The World Famous Stratford Festival Company." But for Deborah it was a big thrill.



HER CUE: Nervously, Deborah dallies with her make-up in dressing room awaiting call to go on.



To see what Deborah's watching turn page

THIN ON PLOT, HEAVY ON GORE, HERE'S THE PLAY
THAT THE NEW YORKERS JUST WOULDN'T PAY TO SEE ▶



THE VERDICT: Deborah Cass and two cast members catch early reviews.

How Stratford went to Broadway *continued*

It was nearly six hours later that the company of Tamburlaine learned that the play was a critical success. The American National Theatre and Academy, an organization interested in the exchange of national theatre groups all over the world, had invited the entire cast to a champagne supper in an elegant suite of an uptown hotel. The actors, newly scrubbed clean of the almost-black make-up that had covered most of their bodies, shouted as they read the review by Brooks Atkinson, the dean of New York critics, in the Times. Atkinson called them "the soundest classical company in North America." Half an hour later the Herald Tribune was on the streets with Walter F. Kerr's more tempered review. "They (the actors) are both virile and intelligent," wrote Kerr, whose influence is equal to Atkinson's, "and the scholars among us must be grateful for the bravado that has brought them to town in Tamburlaine."

Kerr's use of the word "bravado" was an intriguing one for observers of the theatrical phenomenon that is Tamburlaine. The Broadway production was the first time that Christopher Marlowe's shapeless early work had ever been done in North America; it was the second time that it had been done professionally anywhere in the last three hundred and fifty years. The play is a curio that even Broadway, as it turned out, could not support for long. Despite the reviews, the company read on the theatre call board on January 28 that the show would be closing, two and a half weeks from its opening night.

The tendency to let Tamburlaine languish in the curricula of university courses in English was based on practical theatre values. The play itself, which ran five hours in its original version, is rich in language but destitute in plot and characterization. It requires an enormous cast, since even its present abridged version has one hundred and twenty-five speaking parts. The production costs, in addition to the staggering payroll, must also include about two hundred costumes and such effects as a carriage that can be drawn by men in harness, two elevated gold thrones and a steel cage big enough to contain a man. Before it opened on Broadway, Tamburlaine had cost almost a hundred thousand dollars.

As an added deterrent to reviving the theatrical monster, the role of Tamburlaine, the Scythian shepherd who conquered most of the fourteenth-century world, is the longest and most tiring in all dramatic literature. The actor who undertakes the part dominates the action in nearly every scene, leaving the stage only long enough to change his costume in the wings.

Broadway productions are always risky ventures but Tamburlaine the Great, for these reasons, seemed to many to be an excessively frail craft in which to launch Canadian theatre on Broadway. Even after its critical approval in most New York papers, the controversy over the choice of the play continued to rage. The argument may never be resolved, but those who watched the Stratford Festival Company of Canada getting ready for its debut in New York will never forget the exaltation and exhaustion of those crowded preparations; nor will any wrangling debate ever spoil for members of the Tamburlaine company the one perfect moment to treasure a lifetime of that curtain call the first night on Broadway.

The choice of the play actually was made by three men: Tyrone Guthrie, the brilliant English director who shaped something historic out of the fragile vision of the Canadian Stratford Shakespearean Festival during the past three summers; Anthony Quayle, a baby-faced English actor who had undertaken, through sheer idealism, to revive the flagging English Stratford Festival and be its director for eight years; and Roger L. Stevens, an American millionaire who produces fine plays in New York with a

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YOUNG TAMBURLAINE, a peasant with dreams of conquest, begins to organize a fighting force. The Persian king sends Theridamas (left) to kill the young war lord, but Tamburlaine persuades him to join the revolt.



HIS SORROW is unrestrained as Zenocrate dies, surrounded by her three sons. Mad with grief, Tamburlaine razes the town she dies in, and has her body placed in a gold coffin which he has carried about wherever he goes.



HIS WIFE is the beautiful Zenocrate, daughter of the king of Damascus. She was captured by Tamburlaine, fell in love with him and spurns a young noble, Agydas, who begs her to come away with him. Agydas kills himself.



HIS PRISONER, the Turkish king Bajazeth, is beaten, starved and thrown in a cage where Tamburlaine taunts him with food speared on the end of his sword. Bajazeth contributes to the general gore by beating his brains out.



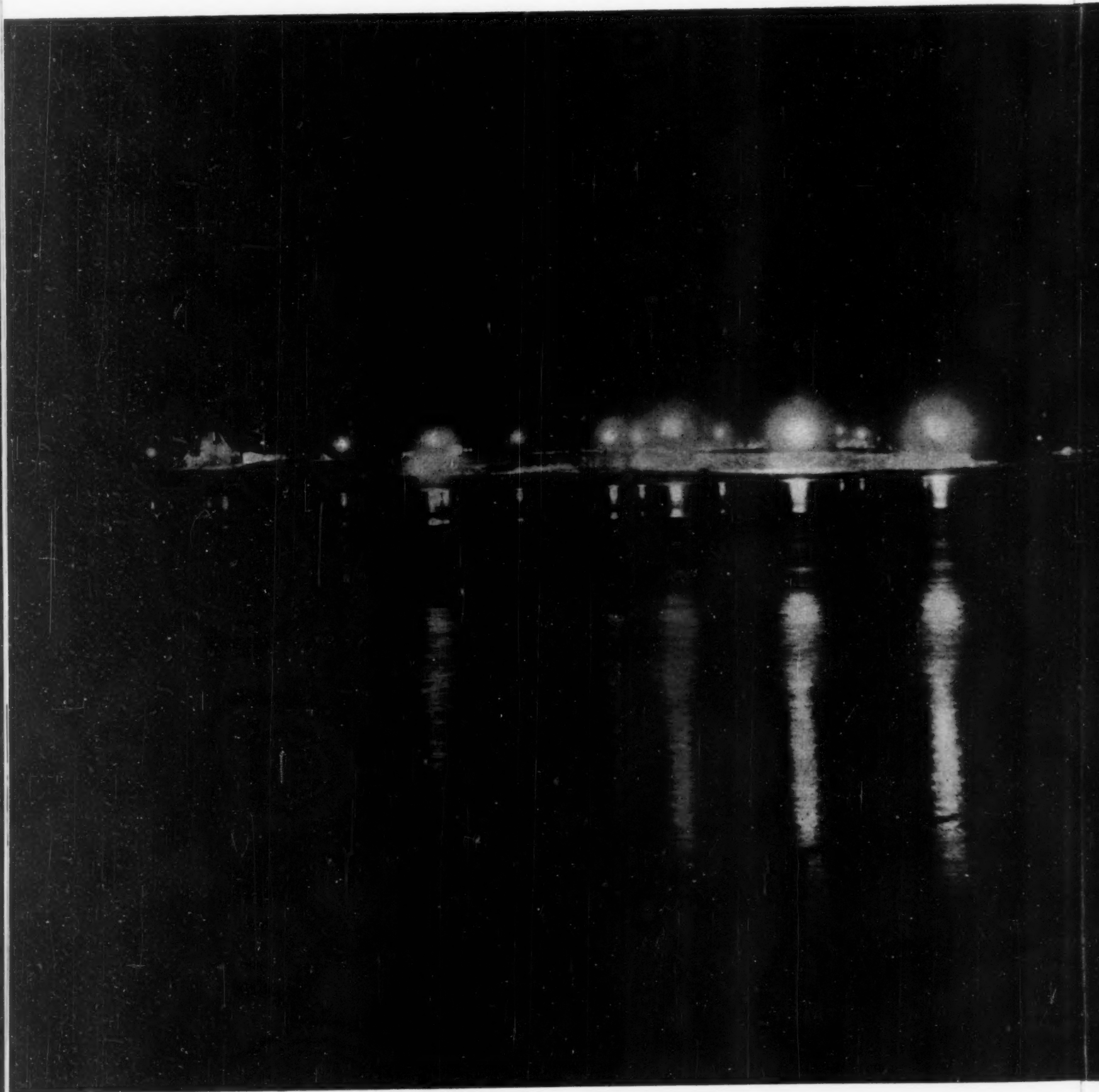
HIS TYRANNY mounts following the death of Zenocrate (see below left), and his armies sweep on to new conquests. Two captured kings are lashed by Tamburlaine as they pull his chariot; two others are locked in stocks.



HIS VENGEANCE is wreaked on an enemy governor. Tamburlaine has the man strung up by his arms and killed by archers. To create illusion of arrows striking, trick arrows concealed in his costume are sprung on cue.



HIS DEATH follows soon after he has his son Amyras crowned king. He orders his sons to finish his campaign to conquer the world. Then, old, paralyzed, gorged with conquest, Tamburlaine falls dead over his awaiting coffin.



NIGHT IS HELD AT BAY BY DAZZLING FLOODLIGHTS AS SEAWAY CONSTRUCTION HAMMERS HARD AHEAD NE
"What is coming out of Ontario's gigantic test tube? What kind of city, what kind of society, what ki

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

VII

Southern Ontario

AS AN exiled native son I always find Ontario baffling. It is the richest, the best known and the most mysterious region in all Canada. Every other region has been typed, if only with a caricature. Ontario has no recognizable image, accurate or inaccurate. In the national gallery its portrait is a composite blur of many faces.

After much rambling research I came to a stone house beside the St. Lawrence and asked a famous scholar to expound the mystery of Ontario.

"Never talk," said he, "about Ontario. There's no such place as Ontario, and no such thing as an Ontario person. The name is only a political, it's not even a geographical, expression. Why, I can show you at least half a dozen typical Ontarios and as many typical Ontario breeds. They're just lumped together on the map and they have one government. But they're as different as, say, Nova Scotia is from British Columbia. Ontario is a fiction."

Its name may be a fiction, its face a blur, but Ontario drags us all back to our beginnings. The roots of half the nation west of the Great Lakes are sunk and anchored forever in the old family soil.

Otherwise, why should a stranger like me, finding himself on the bank of the great river, learn with personal hurt that a strip of this land will soon lie deep under the waters of the seaway? What is it to him? The approaching flood hurts because this is his father's land, long cleared, farmed and dumbly loved; because, perhaps, he had played here as a boy, fished in summer, skated in the winter and—if he was a regular Ontario boy, well trained at Sunday school and taught at home to respect the law—smuggled his first skates, his baseball mitt or rifle across the ice from the American side.

That boy is dead, though still walking about, but he does not forget.

I am thinking of a church called St. John's, some three miles east of Morrisburg, the oldest Protestant church built by the

PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY PETER CROYDON

AHEAD NEAR IROQUOIS, ONTARIO

... what kind of human being?"

CONTINUED ON
NEXT TWO PAGES



Southern Ontario *continued*

*"The roots of half the nation west of the lakes
are anchored in the old family soil . . .
The people are kindly, rich, intelligent.
But they are conventional
and smug to any westerner"*

Loyalists in Upper Canada. The seaway's waters are about to close over a tiny steeple, three graveyards and the bones of the original German settlers from New York State.

I am thinking of that church's minister, Ferdinand Louis Howald, a wartime chaplain, a descendant of Swiss folk and a great-grandson of a Loyalist. Mr. Howald, wearing a look of tranquillity under his plume of white hair, received me in the study of his big brick house at Morrisburg. He was preparing next Sunday's sermon in his shirtsleeves, with the aid of a pungent pipe.

The minister is proud of his church. When it is drowned under the tide of progress he will miss it like an old friend. But no doubt, he said, the seaway project was all for the best. The memorial windows of the church, the altar and a valued painting would be saved and installed in a new building. Maybe a few descendants of the Loyalists would dig up and re-bury the bones of their ancestors before the graveyards were flooded. In any case, it will take more than the seaway, the damming of the river and a revolution in North America's transportation system to shake a man like Mr. Howald.

Art Laurin, editor of the Morrisburg Leader, is not so philosophical. Emerging, ink-stained and angry, from his print shop, Mr. Laurin admitted that the seaway would be a good thing for the



whole nation, but why must the town of Morrisburg be drowned?

Though a practical and earthy man of business, with a vigorous Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, he could not hide his hurt. This oldest of the several Ontarios, the separate region of geography and men along the river, was his home and he adored it. He would never reconcile himself to the inundation of half his town, the main street, the war memorial, the fine old trees and the stone houses. No such houses would ever be built again. No financial settlement could compensate the people of Morrisburg for the loss of their fathers' work through this last century and a half.

J. A. Keeler, editor of the *Iroquois Post*, a spry, cheerful man, was all for progress. Why, sure, he said, busily setting headlines by hand, the present Iroquois would lie under twelve feet of water but a much better town would rise on the margin of the seaway. You couldn't stop progress. So Mr. Keeler was waiting confidently, like Noah, for the flood.

No. 2 Highway westward swarmed with freight trucks, the new rivals of the St. Lawrence ships, but the river didn't seem to be doing too badly, even without the unbuilt seaway canals. Its fleet ambled along through fat meadows, hedges of hawthorn in white blossom, elms spouting like green fountains, herds of overstuffed cattle knee-deep in grass—the heartland of Canada and its original

main street of water running seven hundred miles to the sea.

Thus I came, full of illusions, to Prescott where, as I have been reliably informed, I was born about a hundred years ago. Anyway, it seemed that long when I saw what progress had done to a certain house at the corner of Dibble and Edward Streets.

Fifteen years before I had found the elms of the garden reduced to stumps, the stables gone, the shady porch torn off and everything improved beyond recognition. Now this house, which had seen so many generations of birth in one bedroom, was entertaining another visitor. It had become an undertaking parlor. I turned away. Most Canadian boys must make the same discovery in their birthplace—they can't come home again.

What had happened to Prescott and to every other town along the river?

The obese windmill, fortress of the American invaders in 1838, was turned into a lighthouse on the riverbank and snored comfortably in the sun. Fort Wellington looked natural enough within its wall of grass. But everything else had changed.

Where was that dark nest of spicy flavor, the grocery store, and the grocer, Mr. Mayberry, who gave a boy some sticky gumdrops on every errand? Where the tobacco store with the tank of live fish in the window, the rumors of card

Continued on page 25



LAWYER AT HOME: Vera Parsons relaxes in her Toronto apartment as author Rosenfeld plays piano.

The lady...



LAWYER'S CLIENTS: Even a Parsons defense couldn't clear Mickey MacDonald (left), but research saved Allan Baldwin from death sentence.

...and the crooks

THIS CRACK CRIMINAL LAWYER was raised in luxury. But she gave up a sheltered life to mingle with some of the toughest hoodlums in Canada

BY MAX ROSENFELD

WHEN VERA LILLIAN PARSONS graduated with a master's degree in comparative literature from Bryn Mawr, an exclusive girls' school in Pennsylvania, her classmates could justly predict a distinguished career and a gracious life for this handsome, fastidious young woman from Toronto.

Today the outcome has largely justified the prediction: Vera Parsons lives in a quietly fashionable apartment house in midtown Toronto, surrounded by antiques and *objets d'art* collected during her extensive travels. The keynote of her decor is a vast white grand piano which she plays authoritatively; she dabbles in sculpture, reads intensely and selectively, gives and attends small parties for people of consequence.

If her life is gracious, her career has been distinguished. But the classmates might be slightly appalled if they followed her to work: they would see this slender, well-groomed, aristocratic-looking woman in deep consultation with an unkempt man in the dismal bull pen beneath Toronto's police courtrooms; interviewing a hopeless defiant youth in the barred, carbolic-reeking Don Jail; dissecting testimony of sin, sorrow and brutality in drab criminal courtrooms.

For Vera Parsons is one of Ontario's leading criminal lawyers. "Not just a top woman lawyer," one of her male colleagues insists, "but a top lawyer, period." And for more than thirty years that great unhappy company of people-in-trouble have agreed heartily. When Mickey MacDonald, who is still Canada's Public Enemy No. 1 (if he is alive), was under a fifteen-year sentence for armed robbery and kidnapping in 1945, it was to Vera Parsons that he turned. Later he escaped from Kingston Penitentiary and has never been recaptured.

"When Miss Parsons gives the law to a magistrate or a jury," another of her clients explained, "you know you've had everything said for you that could be said." Crown attorneys who come up against Miss Parsons in court confirm that view, but with considerably less thankfulness. Fred Malone, who recently retired to private practice after a long term as crown representative in Toronto courts, had been experiencing Miss Parsons' thoroughness for twenty years when they faced each other one day last spring. As the woman lawyer entered court, a serene figure leaning heavily on a cane as a result of a severe attack of polio in her teens, Malone muttered audibly:

"Oh, my nerves, here comes that woman. She's sure to make a Supreme Court production



LAWYER AT COURT: "What counsel believes as to guilt of his client is irrelevant."

out of her little case and throw my whole court list out of schedule."

Malone did not exaggerate, either. The young prisoner, police testified, had been caught red-handed, fleeing with stolen goods. But that did not prevent Miss Parsons from cross-examining at length the witnesses for the prosecution, and her submission to the court before sentence amounted to a social service case history of the boy and his environment. To compile it Miss Parsons had interviewed the boy's mother, sisters, friends and former teachers. The result of this painstaking "Supreme Court production" was a suspended sentence for the accused.

The motivation that causes Miss Parsons to prepare even minor cases with great deliberation and respect for detail is simply explained by her belief in a truth that has become a legal cliché: "Every person is innocent until proved guilty." She has never been troubled by that perennial burning question the legal profession still debates: "Should a lawyer defend a person whom he or she knows to be guilty?"

It was debated in Toronto last year by the Criminal Justice Committee of the Canadian Bar Association. None of the speakers could agree. Then Vera Parsons raised her silvery-blond head, stood up slowly and ("as if address-

ing a class of backward boys," one of those present described it) spoke a very few words: "What counsel believes as to the guilt of his client is irrelevant, and he never knows that his client is guilty until the court finds him guilty." Then she sat down.

That seemed to be accepted as the final word. Several senior barristers stood up and cheered, everybody applauded the wisdom of the only woman present, and the meeting adjourned on that note.

Later Miss Parsons enlarged on her philosophy of guilt and innocence. "Often the accused himself doesn't know if he's guilty," she maintained. "Sometimes the law is too complex for a man to judge himself. He may be guilty in the public eye but not in law. He may be frightened or irrational. Countless people may offer him conflicting advice and he may tell his lawyer a different story on every visit. Often, to the lawyer's surprise, the client may tell still another story in court. Obviously such a person needs help in retaining his status of innocence until proved guilty, and it's his lawyer's function to provide that help."

One example of the extraordinary lengths to which Vera Parsons will go in preparing a defense was the case of Allan Baldwin. Baldwin, a crane operator, was charged with the murder of a Don Jail guard in the spring of 1944, during a break from the jail where he was awaiting the verdict on an appeal against a fifteen-year sentence for bank robbery.

Miss Parsons had not represented Baldwin at the bank robbery trial, and in fact had never even seen him. But after he was convicted on the robbery charge, she had been retained to prepare an appeal to the Supreme Court. Then Baldwin escaped from jail and was recaptured, and a guard was dead. Now in Baldwin Vera Parsons had a client charged with murder. She had never before acted for the defense in a murder charge and, at a preliminary hearing of the charge against Baldwin, she informed the court that she felt it was in her client's interest to have an experienced lawyer. But not one barrister she approached would touch the case. Some of the lawyers later admitted privately to colleagues that an aroused public opinion against Baldwin made his case "too hot to handle" from the viewpoint of a lawyer's reputation.

At the time of the jail break Baldwin was in the prison hospital with seven other men, under the watch of Guard Robert Canning. Baldwin and William O'Sullivan, another holdup man, overpowered Canning. Continued on page 47



DEFIANT SLOGANS on roadway, demanding union with Greece, mar beauty of Nicosia.

The enchanted isle of sudden death

Will the Greek-led campaign of terror force the British out of their last Middle East bastion? A famed Canadian correspondent talks with the rival leaders — and the assassins themselves — to bring you his answer



◄ He leads the Greeks
Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Greek Cypriots, demands that British get out.



He leads the British ►
Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, says he will clean up terrorism and then negotiate.



BRITISH ANSWER is reinforcement of troops to quell

NICOSIA, CYPRUS

COME TO the Island of Cyprus," proclaims the tourist folder, "enchanted holiday island of romance and beauty. A prevailing atmosphere of peace and unsophistication is perhaps one of the best remembered charms of this British Crown Colony in the eastern Mediterranean; the murmur of the sea broken only by the silvery echo of goat-bells and the shepherd's flute, the heavy, elusive perfume of orange groves and jasmine will long remain a haunting memory of this enchanted isle, the birthplace of Aphrodite . . ."

The perfume of orange groves and jasmine remains but the enchantment, alas, has fled.

In this winter of 1956 the only visitors to Cyprus are twelve thousand British troops together with complements of navy and air force, and they patrol the island roads and its air and sea approaches with trigger fingers poised tensely on automatic weapons. The

LIONEL SHAPIRO reports from CYPRUS

island's residents—430,000 Greek Cypriots, 94,000 Turkish Cypriots, and a handful of British—make a poor pretense at normal existence. They sit in cafés behind wire mesh as protection against a tossed bomb, they keep away from windows after nightfall, they peer at one another out of the corners of their eyes not knowing who is friend and who assassin, they walk quickly by day and drive madly after dark. For this island is, by official proclamation, in a state of emergency. In plainer language, it is a scene of insurrection by Greek Cypriots against British colonial rule.

For eleven months, since last April 1, 1955, there has been terror here. Terror begets suppression, and suppression begets hate, and hate begets the cowardly crime of haphazard assassination in the dark. This is the ugly progression that has spread out of the Asian belt since 1945—from Indonesia to Malaya and across the Indian sub-continent to Kenya, to Palestine, to Egypt, to North Africa—and now to the once-enchanted island of Cyprus.

This is not a large island. Its ink-blot shape is one hundred and forty miles at its longest and sixty miles at its widest; its people are for the most part Europeans by culture and Middle Eastern peasants by their choice of the land as a livelihood, and they have lived more peacefully for a longer time than any other people in this part of the world. The British administration, though stiff, plodding and sometimes tactless, has certainly not been oppressive.

Then why an insurrection? Why should an island of 520,000 people, its internal economy perilously balanced, its natural geography making it practically defenseless in a voracious corner of the world, strive to cut away the protection of a government that has given it peace and reasonable plenty during generations of violence and heartbreak elsewhere?

Does the reason lie in the infection of upheaval that has been scourging Asia, Africa and the Middle East? Does it lie in international intrigue? In racialism? In emotion? Religious fanaticism? Mass insanity?

Cyprus embraces all these things. It is a small and ugly test-tube demonstration of the mistakes of the past intermixed with the compulsive psychoses of the present, of the galloping consumption of blind nationalism, of political perfidy, of greed, and above all, of the anachronism of Disraeli's imperial structure, dusty and tattered but still stubbornly standing in the age of wireless, jet and atom.

MY JOURNEY to seek the answer to the bloody puzzle of Cyprus began in England on a foggy rain-spattered day as my car sped toward London airport. The morning newspapers headlined the ambush death of the thirteenth British soldier in Cyprus and the riots of Athenian students who burned the British flag amid shouts of "Enosis!" which is the battlecry for union of Cyprus and Greece. The popular press in London shouted: "Stop This Senseless Killing!" The hard-pressed Eden government had nothing to say except that conversations were continuing *Continued on page 39*



riots and weed out terrorists. Above: Tommies bearing order in English, Greek and Turkish advance grimly on demonstrators across Metaxas Square, Nicosia.

**For years
Bob's been loaded down
with unwanted confidences—
and getting blamed
for keeping them.
So now he's going to
blab and relax**



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

**DON'T
tell me
your
secrets!**



ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



WISH people would stop telling me things in strict confidence. I've found myself lying to my own guests in order to keep someone else's secret, only to discover that everyone else in the room knew about it—but didn't know I was such an accomplished liar.

I've had people hand me their conscience as if I were a check-room girl, and I've had people tell me things I was to guard with my life, then suddenly move to Ottawa, leaving me with a bunch of old left-over secrets that I couldn't figure out what to do with. From now on, I'd just as soon everybody just told me things like what color they're going to paint the cottage.

My ears bend forward at a bit of gossip, the same as anyone else's. It's just that I've found that confidences cause a lot of unnecessary wear and tear on the nerves. When something is passed on in strict confidence, the chances are that somebody is telling too much, all at once. It's like some travel-book authors who, to judge by their books, spend all their time grappling with snakes, leopards and natives. Everything they say is probably true. The only thing is, they've put all these adventures on one page. And that makes a difference—like the difference between two fingers of Scotch straight, and the same amount in a glass of water.

A little while ago I sat at a bar with a man I used to work with. He said he'd appreciate it if I never mentioned it to a living soul, but he was the victim of a tragic marriage. His wife, he said, was a cold, brittle, dazzlingly beautiful woman who treated him as a spineless cuckold. He painted a picture of her coming out of her bedroom after supper, dressed for the evening, smelling of *My Escapade*, making little effort to hide her scorn as she watched him fuss over baby bottles, and telling him she was off to a night spot and wouldn't be home till dawn.

The next time I met him was at a picnic. I kept wondering who the nice little fat woman was who handed me wonderful sardine sandwiches, until I finally realized that it was his wife. They sat surrounded by milk bottles, blankets, a basket with a baby in it, little wads of cotton batting, toothpicks, their own firewood, an alarm clock and an extra pair of

dry socks. It all looked about as tragic as an ad for thermos bottles.

Every time I expected his wife to come out in her true character, she said something like, "Watch the sandwiches on brown bread, dear." She'd turn to me and say, "George has had trouble with his teeth ever since he bit into a walnut on our honeymoon."

What this man told me was the truth as he saw it. He obviously thought his wife beautiful and dazzling, and she'd got cold and brittle just the night before he told me the story of his life. I found out that what had happened was that she had told him she hadn't been out of the house since the day she went to the Anticipation Shop, and it wouldn't hurt him a darned bit to look after the baby for one night. She went to a movie with an old girl friend, and saw *East of Eden*. She probably did smell of *My Escapade*, too, but what George left out was that it was the first thing besides Pabulum that she had had sprayed on her for six months.

What keeps the lid on?

The point is, it all had nothing to do with their over-all relationship, which was as comfy as an old armchair. The trouble is that confidences rest on startling dramatic incidents, whereas the truth also rests on the long dull stretches in between. This is the reason why those stories that are told with interjections like, "Well, the lid's off," or, "We're sitting on a keg of dynamite," never seem to end with someone drawing you aside a second time and telling you confidentially how it all turned out. The lid just doesn't move, or the dynamite gets wet.

It's the uneasy realization that most confidences are over-dramatized that makes some people, as soon as they've revealed some tragic aspect of their secret lives, begin to snub the person they confided in. One time I sat in Child's with a fried scallop half way to my mouth while a salesman with an industrial insulation and plumbing company told me a tragic story that had begun a year ago when he had returned from a two-month business

trip to Asbestos, Que. He had arrived home on Christmas Eve, loaded down with toys for his two children, a mink stole for his wife, two tickets for a vacation in Bermuda and the big news that he was being considered for vice-president of the industrial firebrick division.

"It was the happiest moment of my life," he said. "I'd reached the second-from-the-top rung." He stopped and poked his bread roll whimsically, then looked up with a pathetic little smile. "Do you know what she said?"

I shook my head, still holding the scallop in mid-air.

"She said, 'Well you're just eight years too late. *Eight lonely years* while I waited for you to look at me, and you talked of nothing but number-three reducing elbows and left-handed threads. I've decided to leave you. Don't try to stop me.'"

He got up, creased his check carefully, looked up quickly and said, "I don't know why I told you all this. I've never told another soul."

Evidently he soon wished he hadn't even told me, because the next time I met him in Child's he tried to hide behind a ketchup bottle. He's been trying to hide from me ever since, behind pillars, potted palms, newspapers, notions counters and distant looks.

I don't blame him. And I don't mean because of what he told me his wife said to him. Everybody's wife has at one time or another said she was leaving because of something like reducing elbows. I mean, because he believed her. All marriages have to pass through these long dark tunnels. We just have to sit still till we come out the other end. This man had just got claustrophobia so bad he'd cracked. He hadn't let me in on a secret, he'd let me in on a state of nerves, and he hasn't forgiven me yet for listening. The trouble with a confidence like this is that it's a compromise between a desire to be stoic and close-lipped, and to have someone appreciate how stoic and close-lipped we're being.

One time, a man my wife and I have known for years told me a gaudy story about an affair he was having with some girl at the office.

"I wouldn't have *Continued on page 34*



SCORING on a three-way play, Beliveau takes a pass at the Detroit net from team mate Boom Boom Geoffrion and backhands the puck into the goal.

Is Jean Beliveau the best ever?



CHEERING as the puck slides in, Beliveau raises his stick and turns back down the ice to accept the plaudits of the Canadian players.

"Is there a way to stop him?" they asked Hap Day.

"Sure," he quipped, "but it isn't legal." Even bitter rivals agree the golden boy of the Canadiens is hockey's most gifted player

JEAN BELIVEAU, a bland and bashful centre for the Montreal Canadiens, is a unique figure in the history of hockey. He has glided serenely through a career in which cities, hockey magnates and even politicians have engaged in push-and-pull struggles for his services, and he has been virtually a one-man industry paying off the mortgage on a multi-million-dollar rink. Now only twenty-four years old and one of the highest-paid hockey players in history, Beliveau has emerged from this seething caldron to a cool pedestal completely devoid of controversy: modern hockey authorities, who agree on almost nothing, believe he is the most gifted player of all time, and potentially the greatest.

BY TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

A few savants, such as Lynn Patrick, the general manager of the Boston Bruins, are convinced already. "No question about it," Patrick says flatly, "he's the finest player I've ever seen."

Older and possibly more meditative heads await the test of time and toss in occasional riders based on the fact that Beliveau has not yet completed three seasons in the National Hockey League and therefore cannot possibly be compared with, say, Eddie Shore, Howie Mo-

renz or Beliveau's team mate Maurice Richard. Art Ross, who built hockey in Boston starting in 1924 and who retired last year as vice-president of the Bruins, calls Beliveau the greatest young player he ever saw, and it was Ross who took young Eddie Shore to Boston. Conn Smythe, the president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, says that if Beliveau goes along at his present clip for another seven or eight years he'll be the greatest ever.

In fact Smythe, a Toronto loyalist who rarely tosses garlands of love beyond his native city's borders, employs Montreal's Beliveau as his end-all illustration in a running war he's conducted in recent years

Continued on page 36



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can see it's
smart....



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DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED—MONTREAL

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



No chuckles from Alec Guinness, flayed by Jack Hawkins in this Balkan tragedy.

BEST BET

THE PRISONER: Alec Guinness as a bald, subtle and indomitable cardinal and Jack Hawkins as a razor-witted communist psychiatrist are the opponents in an intelligent British film which probes fairly deeply into some of the ideological problems of our times. Customers who insist that Guinness always be funny may be temporarily taken aback to discover him in an intellectual tragedy, but the net result is a movie of uncommon distinction.

DIABOLIQUE: A French horror-thriller bearing the imprint of director Henri-Georges Clouzot, who made *The Wages of Fear*. Ghoulish but far from dull, it tells of a hateful fellow whose corpse mysteriously vanishes after his wife and his mistress have jointly arranged his murder.

THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS: Ex-hero Tom Ewell's trick knee gets him bounced out of the air force; but his adored spouse (Sheree North), who has re-enlisted to be near him, is accepted and sent to Hawaii. Hubby follows her there and soon finds himself in all sorts of complications. The plot is a formula job but much of the movie is amusing stuff in spite of that.

MAN WITH THE GUN: Samuel Goldwyn Jr.'s first try as a Hollywood producer indicates he may have inherited some of his sire's show-business sagacity. Robert Mitchum, looking a lot less drowsy than usual, plausibly depicts a professional "town tamer" who tackles the baddies in a tyrant-ridden western community.

THE SPOILERS: Rex Beach's corny old novel about Alaskan claim jumpers has been filmed five times in forty-one years. Effort No. 6 can hardly fail to improve on No. 5.

Gilmour's guide to the current crop

<i>The African Lion:</i> Wildlife. Good.	<i>Kismet:</i> Arabian Nights musical. Fair.
<i>All That Heaven Allows:</i> Drama. Fair.	<i>Lady and the Tramp:</i> Cartoon. Good.
<i>Artists and Models:</i> Comedy. Poor.	<i>The Left Hand of God:</i> Drama. Fair.
<i>The Big Knife:</i> Drama. Good.	<i>The Looters:</i> Action drama. Fair.
<i>Blood Alley:</i> Adventure. Fair.	<i>A Man Alone:</i> Western. Fair.
<i>Cockleshell Heroes:</i> War drama. Good.	<i>The Man With the Golden Arm:</i> Drug-addict drama. Good.
<i>The Colditz Story:</i> Drama. Good.	<i>Marty:</i> Comedy-drama. Excellent.
<i>Count 3 and Pray:</i> Drama. Fair.	<i>The Night My Number Came Up:</i> British suspense drama. Good.
<i>The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell:</i> Biographical drama. Good.	<i>The Night of the Hunter:</i> Drama. Fair.
<i>The Dam Busters:</i> Air war. Excellent.	<i>Passage Home:</i> Sea drama. Fair.
<i>The Deep Blue Sea:</i> Drama. Good.	<i>Picnic:</i> Comedy-drama. Excellent.
<i>Desert Sands:</i> Adventure. Fair.	<i>Queen Bee:</i> Drama. Fair.
<i>The Desperate Hours:</i> Drama. Excellent.	<i>Quentin Durward:</i> Adventure. Good.
<i>Doctor at Sea:</i> British comedy. Fair.	<i>Rains of Ranchipur:</i> Drama. Poor.
<i>The Good Die Young:</i> Drama. Fair.	<i>Rebel Without a Cause:</i> Drama. Fair.
<i>Glory:</i> Race-track drama. Fair.	<i>The Rose Tattoo:</i> Comedy-drama. Good.
<i>Good Morning, Miss Dove:</i> Small-town comedy-drama. Fair.	<i>Running Wild:</i> Crime. Fair.
<i>The Great Adventure:</i> Wildlife. Excellent.	<i>The Second Greatest Sex:</i> Open-air operetta. Fair.
<i>Guys and Dolls:</i> Musical. Excellent.	<i>Summertime:</i> Romance. Excellent.
<i>Heidi and Peter:</i> Children's story. Good.	<i>Tarantula:</i> Science horror. Fair.
<i>Helen of Troy:</i> Epic drama. Good.	<i>The Tender Trap:</i> Comedy. Good.
<i>I Am a Camera:</i> Comedy. Fair.	<i>Tight Spot:</i> Suspense. Good.
<i>I Died a Thousand Times:</i> Crime and suspense. Poor.	<i>To Hell and Back:</i> Suspense. Good.
<i>Illegal:</i> Courtroom drama. Fair.	<i>Trial:</i> Drama. Excellent.
<i>The Indian Fighter:</i> Western. Fair.	<i>The Trouble With Harry:</i> Comedy. Good.
<i>It's Always Fair Weather:</i> Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.	<i>Ulysses:</i> Adventure drama. Fair.
	<i>The View From Pompey's Head:</i> Drama. Good.

**Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers
Southern Ontario**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

games and other shocking vices in the back room? Where the jewelry store and another back room in which a boy saw his first motion picture, of flickering cowboys and Indians?

Where all the clamorous family of grandparents, cousins, uncles and those saintly aunts who supported high tariffs and smuggled systematically from Ogdensburg, upholstered with contraband under their ample skirts? All gone.

As I was thus ruminating on a futile question, an aged man shuffled up Dibble Street. "I'll tell you what it is," he said, "the town has grown." Yes, he remembered my people, but it was long ago. "Things," he added, "ain't what they was by a damn sight."

In those few words he had uttered the obituary of an age, of an Ontario beyond resurrection, of a native folk scattered from here to the Pacific coast but still holding a fragment of this place in their hearts.

It was comforting to find that Kingston still stood changeless and serene as the capital of that lost age, and that Kingston's greatest son, John A. Macdonald, faced past and future unshakable in bronze Windsor uniform among the chestnut trees of the park. Town and man shared a hereditary look. Both were fashioned here of hard, grey limestone, were carved with the same wrinkles and wore the same tired smile.

Professor Arthur Lower, our leading historian, who lives not far from the dreaming towers and bulbous domes of Kingston, told me how it had achieved its perfect symmetry, as if designed by a single architect.

It was built for the most part by Scottish masons after their work on Colonel By's Rideau Canal. They were men of one idea. Over and over again, on every street, they reproduced the house of lean, square lines that they had built in Scotland. Later on, this sound sedimentary layer of limestone was overlaid in places by some pretty monstrous Victorian gingerbread, but Kingston's sober face is little marked by these blemishes.

The town was built to last. Its Precambrian stuff is so hard that Alexander Mackenzie, an impatient mason, threw down his blunted tools in disgust, went into politics and briefly replaced Macdonald as prime minister.

It will never be easy to change Kingston, even for the better. A new resident recently hired a contractor to build a modern house. These new-fangled plans, the old builder said, were a passing fancy. He and his father before him had built a hundred satisfactory houses here and all of them had been precisely the same "since the War." What war? The American Revolutionary War, of course, the only war worth remembering, the war that brought his Loyalist ancestors to Kingston.

I hasten to add that Kingston still retains a stone-faced humor even in the solemn halls of Queen's University. One of its psychology professors went out to the adjacent penitentiary not long ago and lectured on "Escapism as an Art."

If Kingston is one piece, Brockville is two. Its architecture and split personality deny the flattering myth that the Loyalist migration was composed mostly of aristocrats. The eastern half of Brockville, crammed with some of the finest homes in Canada,

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was founded by the Jones family. The west side, of business and modest houses, was the work of William Buell, a successful laborer. Both the Joneses and the Buells were determined to affix their names to the whole town and in their long quarrel Brockville became known as Snarlingtown, until General Brock, asked to arbitrate, suggested his own name a few days before he died on Queenston Heights.

So Brockville it was, with its patron's statue planted on the courthouse lawn to watch his town approvingly. Or so I was told by a local authority in the office of the Recorder and Times, which has never failed to publish since 1821, the first hand press still being used on odd jobs.

For reasons of timidity I decided to bypass the autonomous principality of Toronto for the moment and pursue my study of small-town civilization. My next stop was Hamilton, one of the largest small towns of the nation and, according to the natives, our third shipping port, a long way from sea. It is also, they complain, Canada's least appreciated community.

The perpetual cloud of factory smoke at the western point of Lake Ontario, the crowded business streets, the handsome residential area and a laboring population two fifths of foreign extraction represent a miracle of industry. It had a queer origin.

When they were building railways hereabouts, some century ago, the steel rails from England buckled in the Canadian frost and were re-rolled in Hamilton. Thus began Canada's greatest steel industry and the transformation of fierce old Allan MacNab's Loyalist village of Burlington Heights into a young metropolis.

Nevertheless, it remains a small town. Or so it always appears to me. The natives will reply, quite rightly, that I know nothing about Hamilton and that Canadians always go past it on the train without stopping to discover its peculiar virtues. Hamiltonians, living unknown off the main line, are rather irked by this neglect since their town is obviously the best in the country.

A business executive, moved to head office in Toronto, talked to me about his promotion and increased salary like a man who has been sentenced to a concentration camp in Siberia. I agreed with him, expressed a sincere sympathy, dried the tears on my shoulder and set off for Niagara.

My flight through the battlefields of the War of 1812 was as badly organized as the American invasion. Like the invaders, I was soon lost in the maze of the escarpment (Hamilton has elevated it into The Mountain), then in tunnels of spring greenery beside the lake and then in an orchard of red cherries where the Americans were routed at Stoney Creek.

A farmer allowed that some kind of fight had occurred in this vicinity, he wasn't sure how or when, and kindly directed me back to Hamilton. For the second time I ran the gantlet of the town traffic before I rediscovered the broad and brutal Queen Elizabeth Highway. To keep abreast of the natives, I moved toward Niagara at a moderate speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

Now I was in another Ontario, the Ruhr of Canada. Two years before I had driven exactly the same sort of road, built by Adolf Hitler, through exactly the same combination of factories and smokestacks in the middle of green fields, the same orchards and vineyards, the same process that is turning a peasantry into a proletariat—a common, world-wide process but focused and perfected here as nowhere else in Canada.

I say it is perfected because most of the swelling satellite towns of Toronto are being admirably planned. The factories are as modern, comfortable and sightly as factories can be. The influx of urban workers, many of them recent immigrants, seems to get along well with the farmers who have tilled this land since Loyalist times.

To the old-timer of the Niagara peninsula it is tragic just the same to see the ravenous jaws of industry biting deeper every day into the orchards, the apple trees cut down to make way for a factory, the vineyards overrun by a subdivision of bungalows.

When I came in springtime Niagara was afoam with apple blossoms and now, on my second visit in the autumn, the trees were heavy with apples, the air with the smoke of leaf fires.

On a quiet road I encountered the ancient spirit of Niagara: the man by the wayside was a rosy apple on two legs. His great-grandfather from upper New York, he told me, had brought the adjoining orchard with him in his pocket toward the end of the eighteenth century. In his pocket?

"Why sure," the apple man said, "they dried out the seeds down there, they brought 'em up here and they planted 'em yonder."

He pointed to the neat rows of trees around his house. Well, these weren't exactly the trees planted from seed by his great-grandfather, but they came from the same stock. One of them, a gnarled giant, was at least a hundred years old. The present owner had grafted it with scions of Ben Davis just before the last war and it yielded more apples than ever.

"It's the soil," he explained. "There's something in it that you won't find anywhere else. The soil and the moisture and a little frost and the wind off the lake. That makes apples."

Being a peaceful man and a cowardly traitor to my own province, I did not dare to admit that I was now a resident and honorary native of British Columbia, home of the world's best apples. The national debate between the eastern and western apple is not a thing

to be taken lightly. So I ventured merely that the Okanagan Valley also seemed to produce quite decent fruit. At that the spirit of Niagara exploded.

The apple man's face took on a deeper crimson. He grasped me by the arm, he looked straight into my eyes and pronounced a solemn warning: "Don't let yourself be fooled, son! There's no apples in the Okanagan. Not real apples. Oh yes, they're colored all right but it's just color. Might as well be paint—lipstick, I call it. No flavor. Why? Because they're irrigated, that's why! It's against nature. Look at that!"—he pointed to his row of glistening teeth—"I haven't lost a tooth in seventy-eight years. That's from apples. Niagara apples."

I attempted to divert his fury by asking the apple man if he intended to sell his orchard. The question only incensed him the more. "Sell it?" he cried. "Why, my great-granddaddy planted it! No, sir, it'll stand as long as I do. Oh, they've offered me a mint of money for a subdivision. They're spreadin' all over. They're gobblin' up the best land under the sun. But they won't get mine, not while I'm around."

His grandsons, three stalwart young men then picking apples nearby, might sell the orchard. "They'll regret it if they do," the apple man predicted. "You can only sell once. Apples go on forever if you look after 'em. And there's only one Niagara."

When I got out of his grip at last, my stomach and car were full of apples much inferior (now I can safely tell the truth from a distance) to the product of my own little Pacific coast orchard.

I was soon lost again in the labyrinth of roads and secret valleys lying hidden behind the escarpment. My objective was the house of John De Cew, to which Laura Secord carried the news of Beaver Dams on June 24, 1813. As my wife is De Cew's great-great-granddaughter and as we had failed to find the house together in the spring, I had promised to seek it out and bring her back a snapshot.

There was little left to photograph—only a square of stone walls two feet

JASPER

By Simpkins



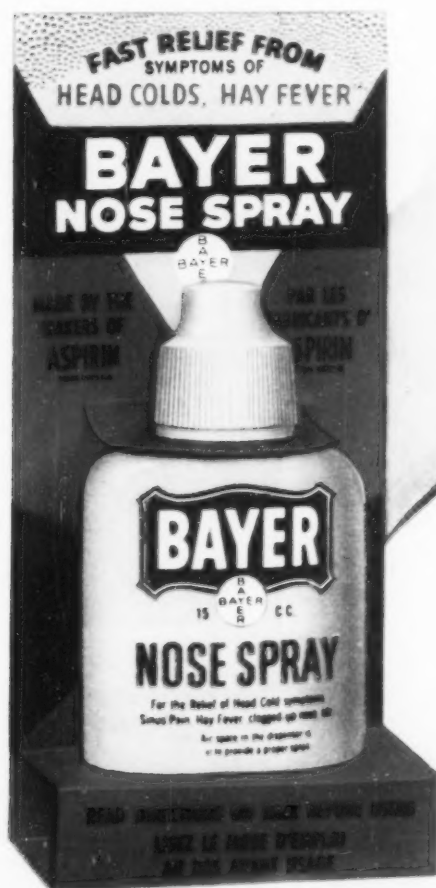
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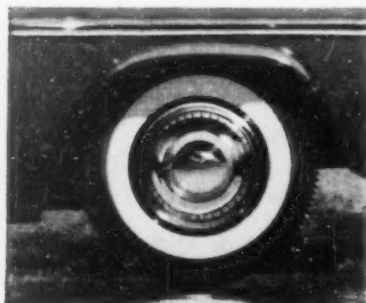
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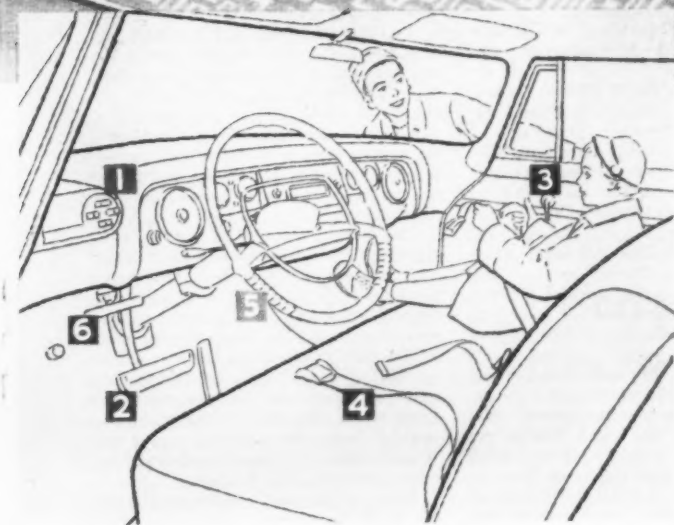
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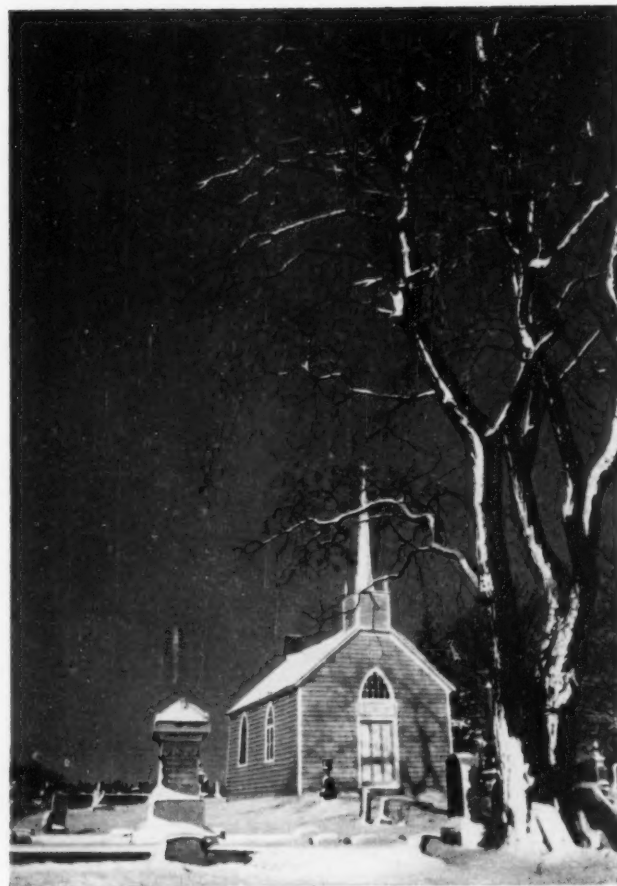
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thick, a waterfall splashing into a mossy cavern and an abandoned mill house. Meditating on life's accidents that have spread the offspring of Niagara's first miller across half a continent, I sought my way out of a solitary upland, only a few miles from the Queen Elizabeth Autobahn. Fortunately I was still lost or I might have not met Joseph Edward Culp (or Joe Ed as everyone calls him) and heard his story.

Mr. Culp is a brown nut of a man, eighty-four years old, though he would pass for sixty at most. He was driving his car alone as I encountered him and by a lucky chance was carrying, in massive scrapbooks and diaries, the genealogy of his people.

Great-grandfather Culp, a German by descent and a Mennonite by religion, had come from the U. S. in 1803, with apple seeds in his pocket, of course, and his descendants had been farming around Vineland ever since.

A learned amateur historian, Mr. Culp has conducted a meticulous study of his ancestors all the way back to Germany, recording every birth, marriage and death for six generations. Now he is compiling an exhaustive chronicle of the town council, the library board and the United Church in Vineland. It was not an easy job, he told me, and he had grown lazy in his old age.

"Everybody," he said, "is getting lazy nowadays. If I want to go a couple of miles down the road do I walk? No, sir, I climb into the car. But in my day a hired man would walk five miles to work in the morning and turn up at the farm at six o'clock for breakfast.

"We didn't have much money for fun, you know. Maybe a quarter for

an oyster supper now and then, but at a dance I doubt if you'd find a nickel among all the boys. Still, we had more fun than the youngsters these days. People should ought to work more to be happy and healthy."

Mr. Culp was a living proof of his theory and of something else—the deep undying folk memory of the Loyalists. "There should ought to be a law," he said in parting, "to stop them cutting up the orchards for houses and factories. It's all wrong. They'll never get land like this again outside Niagara."

I found my way at last and descended from the escarpment to the garden shelf of Lake Ontario. Its almost tropical growth, dense population, clotted traffic and ever-swelling factories amaze and rather terrify the westerner. In this Ontario something more fundamental than economic change is under way.

Here, indeed, the central dilemma of all human kind is being solved, or not solved. Man is trying to learn how to live with the machine and yet remain a man.

The factory workers in automobiles, crowding the town streets once crowded by farmers in wagons, the emancipated working girls in their invariable uniform of gay bandanna, tight sweater and blue jeans, the dark, potent faces of the immigrants from Europe—these are the shifting atoms in a chemistry more complex and far less calculable than atomic fission. What is coming out of Ontario's gigantic test tube? What kind of city, what kind of society, what kind of human being?

From a hill near Welland one can see both the current symptoms of the revolution and a glimpse of its begin-

nings, long ago. Farms, towns, factories and smoke roll out to the northern horizon. The towers of the Hydro dance in endless ballet, with outflung arms and pirouette of steel legs. Directly below the hill lies Canada's most revealing monument, the three Welland canals, triple signature of the nation in stone.

The revolution began right here when Canadians undertook their first big construction job and bypassed the continental stepladder of Niagara Falls. First they built a narrow, winding ditch with queer little locks, rising in places by seven separate steps to the mile. Then they built a wider, straighter ditch with larger locks and higher steps. Finally they built the beeline of the present Welland Ship Canal, a broad man-made river carrying an unbroken procession of ships day and night.

Most of the stone walls are still as the masons left them in the old canal and should last as long as Egypt's pyramids. Aeons hence, when visitors from distant planets ask what manner of folk lived in Canada, let them look at these three ditches. They could have been built only by a folk of imagination, courage and faith, hidden under a deceiving look of mere competence and thrift.

A stranger visiting any European town is shown the ruins of some cathedral, castle or royal tomb. In a Canadian town the proud local citizen always showed me the new factory, the marble-faced bank or the improved sewage system. These are our castles and cathedrals. As a national monument I prefer the three canals. They say just about everything that needs to be said.

The ditch dug by Loyalists

A barefoot boy was fishing that afternoon from the wall of the oldest canal. The water ran cleanly through the deserted lock and provided good sport. Behind him, in silhouette, a cigar-shaped ship wallowed into the locks of the new canal. The upper gates swung shut as smoothly as your front door. The water gushed out, the ship sank like a toy in a bathtub as the lower gates opened, and she glided downstream with a toot of thanks from her whistle. The barefoot boy, the narrow ditch, the broad ditch and the big ship—there was Ontario's history.

When the river channel is finally gouged out by the seaway, when the revolution of Niagara is complete, what then? We can be sure of only one thing—some small boy will still fish in the old ditch, dug by the Loyalists.

A few miles from Welland one reaches the rebuilt wooden fort of General Brock and the river road where he galloped to his death on Queenston Heights. As that ride and death probably saved the chance of an independent Canadian state, Queenston should be a place for meditation. No one seemed to be meditating. A steady stream of cars raced along the river cliff. How many drivers remembered the man on horseback, galloping alone into the rainy dawn?

The house of another great Canadian, William Lyon Mackenzie, stands just below Brock's monument. These memorials to the loyal soldier and the rebellious scribbler tell a strange tale.

Brock's memorial column was half finished just as Mackenzie launched his Rebellion of 1837. Since copies of the rebel's Colonial Advocate had been buried in the base of the monument, with other documents, it was necessary, of course, to tear the stones apart, burn the offending journal and start all over again.

Those passions have cooled. Brock

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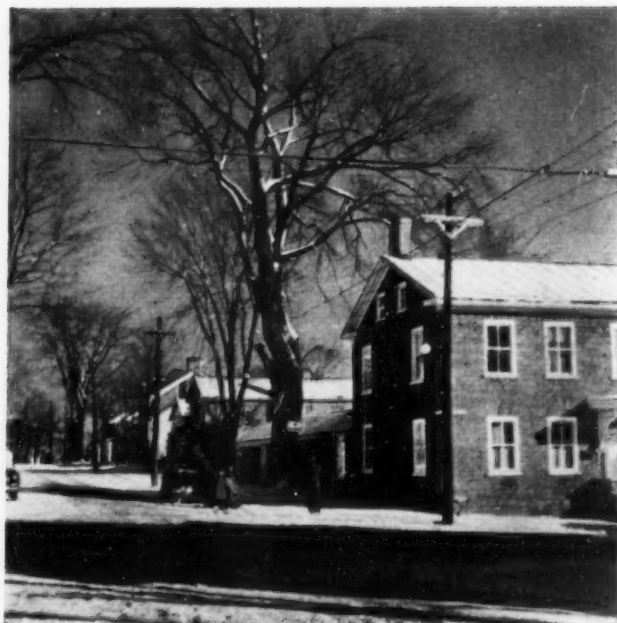
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WHERE BRUCE HUTCHISON WAS BORN

"This house (in Prescott, Ont.), which had seen so many generations, was now entertaining . . . an undertaking parlor."

looks benignly down at Mackenzie's little stone house, which workmen were repairing at public expense as I passed by. Beside Niagara Falls Mackenzie King made sure that his rebel grandfather's lifework would be understood by erecting there a granite arch and vault in honor of Mackenzie and the less fortunate rebels, Peter Matthews and Sam Lount, who were hanged for their principles at York. History always moves in circles.

I never pause long at the Falls, for there is nothing new to say or think about them. The mechanics of the cataract, as Winston Churchill found, have not changed for quite a while. It still revolves like a mangle wringing out a ragged white sheet and soon bores the observer by its monotonous motion. So I drove on to Simcoe, the ideal Ontario town, a relic apparently untouched by the revolution and living spaciouly in big brick houses, shady streets and the perfume of blossom.

Such surroundings and a long experience create a definite type of man, one clear portrait in the blurred gallery of the many Ontarios. I found that man in a mellow mansion and listened all evening to his recollections.

His Loyalist grandfather, he said, had come to Canada from New Jersey in 1796. His mother had once ridden back there alone on a sidesaddle of doeskin which he still keeps as a souvenir. Her son remembers her homemade gloves of deer hide, her candles of tallow and, in bad times, her flour ground out of beechnuts. A few miles from Simcoe my friend had traced the rutted remains of the Loyalists' skid roads. On these the first lumberjacks, with eight yoke of oxen, hauled white pine—some of it forty feet long and six feet in diameter—to some local water mill. The descendant of those men watched the retreat of the forest, the advance of the plow and the arrival of industry. All this progress appeared to him a questionable success.

"On the farm now," he said, "we've got water, plumbing, electricity, natural gas and God knows what all, even television. But I doubt we're half as

happy as our fathers. And so I've kept my old privy as a kind of reminder. I can see the whole farm from there every morning. It helps me to remember."

"Never underestimate," a historian of this region warned me, "the deep groove of custom in these country people. It's still the largest factor in their society. They take their ideas, or rather their instincts, from their fathers. They're yeomen and they're Tory to the bone, however they vote."

"They really don't think much politically. They only feel. There's no use talking abstract ideas to them. They care nothing for doctrines and theories. That's why the CCF has been a total flop here, even when Ontario votes for socialism on a huge scale in the Hydro and the seaway. Take a good look at this breed. It's being outnumbered and gradually drowned by industry, and in some places by immigration."

A pocket of such immigration lies just west of Simcoe. There a worthless land of fine, brown dust, long ago abandoned by the Loyalist settlers, has been turned into Canada's opulent tobacco industry.

New towns of fancy bungalows, farms polka-dotted with greenhouses and red-roofed drying kilns, curious machines to tend the tobacco seedlings; above all, the unmistakable foreign faces proclaim yet another Ontario, barely three decades old, a little enclave of separate methods, customs and people, making a fortune out of smoke.

A tractor hauled two girls of surprising beam, obviously immigrants, on a kind of wheeled rack. Their trained hands planted tobacco seedlings with the rhythmical motion of a machine. A young man of Canadian stock walked slowly across his field and replaced a few dead plants with an ingenious gadget.

"We've done all right," the youth said, pausing at the end of the row to replenish his basket of plants. "This land was worth five dollars an acre a few years ago. We were going broke trying to farm it. Now it's worth a thousand dollars anyway. See that old

guy on the tractor? He has a hundred acres. He's worth a hundred thousand and he's only been out from Europe about fifteen years. They're mostly foreigners around here. But we're Canadians," he added quickly.

He, his brother and his mother, working twenty-five acres of tobacco, were friendly with the immigrants. You could hardly tell their children from Canadians, he said. Some of the old folks couldn't talk English very well and cooked some mighty queer meals. "It's good eating, just the same. Sometimes they make brandy out of grape juice, the best you ever tasted."

No, he didn't smoke himself, he thought nicotine dangerous to the health, but nothing would stop most people smoking, so the tobacco market was assured.

I ate my lunch a hundred yards from the road on a beach of sand as lonely as in Loyalist times, with Lake Erie as a blue-green backdrop. A few hours later I beheld the jagged skyline of Detroit, a miniature Manhattan, across the flat garden lands of the Windsor country. Here was another Ontario, much closer, physically and spiritually, to the American metropolis than to Niagara or Toronto.

Watching the unbroken stream of ships on the Detroit River, that narrow trench between two nations, and listening to the grunt of their whistles, I asked a Windsor editor how the boundary had been maintained when the people of Windsor crossed over to Detroit as easily as they crossed their own streets and when the automobile factories on the American side paid substantially higher wages than Canada could afford. The editor, like all Canadians, just didn't know.

"Somehow," he said, "our people like it on this side. Twenty years ago I think a referendum in this town would have given a majority for union with the States. Not now. This is a labor town, a radical town you probably would say, and a quarter of it is of French-Canadian blood, but it's no suburb of Detroit. It's strictly Canadian."

The towers of Detroit soared up before us like a flimsy mirage. That mirage, I thought, had beckoned Canada for nearly two centuries but always faded under our northern sun.

A colossal bust of Pompey

From Windsor I wandered idly up the little Thames on the line of the Canadians' retreat to the battlefield of Moraviantown. The Thames naturally brought me to London, the old farm town now flanked with its "Golden Mile" of industries, and then to Stratford on its imitation Avon, complete with swans.

Stratford was in the final desperate throes of preparation for the Shakespearean Festival. Sculptors, painters and costumers worked against time to make a colossal bust of Pompey for Julius Caesar, three jewel boxes for The Merchant of Venice, some Roman helmets, armor of plastic and enough women's gowns to stock a department store.

Caesar, Brutus and Cassius rehearsed under the big circus tent, wearing sweatshirts, slacks and sneakers. Even in this garb they brought the Roman Forum suddenly to life. Strangers are not usually admitted to rehearsals but the attendants kindly smuggled me into an obscure corner. Nowhere, not even in the Old Vic itself, had I felt so keenly the magic of the master's lines, bubbling from the lips of these Canadian youngsters.

The inhabitants of Stratford appear a little bewildered to find their sleepy

Ontario town transformed overnight into the shrine of things unknown, the local habitation of airy nothings. Stratford has been lifted bodily out of the solid substance of Ontario, at least in the season of the festival, and has become an independent city state of poetry, drama and imagination.

The proprietor of a delicatessen where I purchased a picnic lunch said it was all very strange and a little crazy.

"I can't make head or tail of their lingo," he admitted. "I'd rather see a movie myself. Shakespeare isn't my dish. But they tell me it's quite good for those that like it. Why, when the festival is on you can't get a room for miles around. I'll say this for Shakespeare—he sure is good for business."

It was hard to tear myself away from perhaps the most interesting spot in Canada, to leap out of the Elizabethan Age into the rather drab Ontario fronting on Lake Huron and removed by several centuries from Shakespeare.

North of Goderich I met on the roadside a jolly old fellow whose white cane indicated his misfortune, but even in his blindness he could still make his way about the paths of his boyhood. His name was John L. Sullivan, his parents having fancifully christened him in honor of the current boxing champion.

Mr. Sullivan thought that a good joke. "I never got into a fight in my life," he chortled. Nor had he strayed far from his birthplace. Why should he? It was the best country he'd ever seen.

Then he uttered a profound comment on that loose congeries called Ontario: "Folks go from here to Toronto and they just can't talk to the folks there. And if folks come here from Toronto they just can't talk to us. There's an iron curtain between us. Yes, the city folks are smart all right and make a lot of money. But let the smartest businessman in Toronto try to run a farm. He'd go broke. You've got to be born to it."

They don't all say that much, though. I asked a farmer of Bruce County if it was likely to rain. "It might," he said after reflection, "and then again it mightn't." Was this good farm land? "Some say so, some don't." Who would win the provincial election? "That depends." Was Premier Frost a good man for his job? "Never saw Frost." He asked my business and, learning that I was a reporter, gave me a hard look and added: "Don't you go quotin' my opinions, young fella!"

An editor in the solid brick town of Owen Sound told me he wouldn't take five times his present salary to work in Toronto, and Toronto apparently sees his point. A good part of the city population surges out here in summertime to litter the beaches of Georgian Bay with holiday cottages, to pollute the air with the smell and sputter of speed boats and to create several pretty fair imitations of Coney Island.

I fled from this appalling urban annex into the quiet of Huronia, the land of Champlain's vain march to the western sea and the Jesuits' martyrdom.

Barrie was filled that Saturday afternoon with hordes of Toronto refugees moving in solid ranks of cars to the healthful follies of their week-end camps. Orillia was likewise overwhelmed by these brief birds of passage, but I was assured by Bill Deacon, literary editor of the *Globe and Mail*, a veteran camping man, that the old small-town virtue of Orillia still survived. It would break through the crust of the week end on Monday morning.

Mr. Deacon and many like him regard Orillia as sacred ground since

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Barrie long claimed that distinction for itself but written proofs extinguish its pretensions. In the public library of Orillia the bronze bust by Elizabeth Wyn Wood—a leonine head that captures Leacock's inner wistfulness and melancholy hidden by his brave banter and wonderful nonsense—presides over a collection of his manuscripts in a glass case. And among these records is a letter in Leacock's penmanship stating definitely that Orillia is Mariposa, slightly distorted.

Mr. Deacon pointed triumphantly to this unanswerable testimony and Miss Mary Sheridan, the pretty young librarian, said there could be no more doubt about it. Neither Barrie, which hankers after Leacock's glory, nor McGill, which housed him, disguised as an economist, has a leg to stand on. He is Orillia incarnate.

Leacock's land, and all the many rural Ontarios, remained *terra incognita* to me, and its people strangers, though they were my people by ancestry. I had come far enough now to realize that I would never know them, nor they me.

That will hardly disturb the Ontarios. For all their wealth, culture and industrial revolution they remain, each in its own comfortable compartment, some of the most isolated and provincial areas I had found in Canada. Their people are kindly, intelligent and relatively rich. But they are provincial, conventional and smug to any westerner. You can't go home again.

But there was another Ontario to be faced down the road. So, summoning up my frail reserves of courage, I headed south for that foreign island in the sea of Canada which bears the name of Toronto.

Every Canadian traveler and visiting fireman thinks he knows Toronto and usually dismisses it with a sigh or a sneer. In fact, Toronto has grown past all knowledge. It has become, like the province around it, a series of diverse elements loosely knitted together by stitches of steel and concrete, articulated by a subway, glued by the adhesive of business but not yet fused like its only rival, Montreal.

There are as many Torontos, I imagine, as the numerous Ontarios that feed its divided body—a Toronto of old-timers appalled by the monstrous growth of skyscrapers around their quiet homes, of newcomers dazzled by their first glimpse of Babylon; a Toronto of sober politicians in Queen's Park and brassy tycoons in Bay Street; a Toronto of churchgoers, organized crime and commercialized vice; a Toronto of writers, artists, musicians and scholars tending that tender little plant called Canadian culture; a Toronto of old Loyalist stock, who founded muddy York long ago and retain some of its flavor and all its prejudices; a dozen Torontos of foreign stocks speaking their own languages, eating their own diets and thinking their own thoughts in Canada's central melting pot.

York was a village in a swamp. Toronto, York's successor, was a town of fixed customs and cohesive mind. The several Torontos of our time compose neither a village nor a town and have yet to become a city. They are a series of communities in amorphous combination and continual flux.

Toronto ravens across yesterday's farm lands. It breeds sub-Torontos wholesale. It proliferates in endless suburban checkerboards where a man can hardly find his own house among ten thousand others of identical design. But it is not yet a city as Montreal

is a city. Its body has grown faster than its mind.

That body is nourished by the farmstuffs, minerals, timber, oil and water power of half the nation, all sucked into this insatiable maw through the gullet of the lakes and cunningly centralized here by the national tariff until Toronto must soon become the nation's largest metropolis. The mind, nourished by new people and new ideas from every corner of the nation, even from Quebec, is slowly building a second Canadian city.

Toronto fattens on mere paper, the sterile certificates of distant ownership, thrives on the labor of unknown men from here to the Rockies, clips every passing coin, wrings out abundant profits and in its own mighty labors ships back the products of its factories and an increasing trickle of thought.

Where is the old Toronto of familiar caricature—the spinster lady in Victorian lace who abhorred drink, Sunday sports and the morals of her neighbor downriver? She is gone, or retired into some obscure mansion with blinds tightly drawn. Her voice may grumble sometimes in the morning's Globe and Mail but is drowned in the afternoon scream of the Star and the Telegram, the new voice of a Toronto in birth

NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers

NORTHERN
ONTARIO

but not quite born, and all the more shrill and positive because it is so uncertain.

Still, a man walking downtown Toronto at dawn, before the traffic is awake, can see, in narrow streets and dark alleys, the imprint of York's lanes and marshy cowpaths. Or if he penetrates the facade of University Avenue by a single block he will find old folks living in houses that looked out not long ago on a village green, a Chinese laundryman growing onions and lettuce in the shadow of the skyscrapers, a junkman with horse and wagon laboriously collecting in his back yard the flotsam dropped by Toronto's furious passage.

Give Toronto time. A city will be born here in due season, a city of prodigious proportions and a collective soul. The shiny smugness, the well-fed, aldermanic look, the pathetic self-inflation which so repel the stranger will disappear. A folk who could invent the commonwealth unconsciously at Gallows Hill and Montgomery's Tavern can invent something better than this overgrown country town.

"Toronto," said one of its leading citizens, "will soon be the New York of Canada." He seemed to enjoy that prospect though, God save him, he should have known better, for he had been bred in the Yukon and educated in Vancouver.

"Why," he added with the civic patriotism of an immigrant, "hardly anybody in this town seems to have been raised here. We've all come from somewhere else, like a gold rush. That's what makes it so exciting."

I left that man in horror and pity and escaped once more into Canada. A forced march took me past the innumerable lakes and week-end sanctuaries of Muskoka, into the safe recesses of the Shield. ★

Don't tell me your secrets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

looked at her," he explained, "if Lois hadn't stopped speaking to me for a week. A man needs some respect and companionship, and, well, I just sort of turned to this girl in Accounts Payable. I wish you could meet her. Not really beautiful, but smart. You should see her do algebra."

I tried to ease the grip of his moral dilemma with a few philosophical remarks, then left him to work it out himself, his secret safe with me. During the next couple of months, my wife accused me twice of not taking hold of practical matters the way Harry did. I wanted to tell her what old Harry had really taken hold of, but sat there keeping his secret and startling my wife with my expression, which was the same as if I'd just swallowed a mouthful of boiling tea.

After all this, I met Harry at a party. He got my wife and me in a corner, took a pull at a Martini, gave me a rakish grin and said, "Guess you've wondered about how I made out with that little girl friend?"

He glanced at my wife to see how she was taking the news that all husbands weren't the domestic old bean pods her husband was. Then he said, "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen her for months. Got too busy on the new house in Orangeville." He looked at me and chuckled. "Always remember that advice you gave me, though, about marriages being as out-of-date as mustache cups, and that everybody should have a divorce who can afford one."

When he walked away, I tried pursing my lips and peering around the room briskly for people I knew, but feeling my wife's gaze just beneath my ear. Finally I said, "Glad Harry got things straightened out, even if he did get everything I said wrong. Three months ago I thought he was going to get a divorce."

"You mean you've known about this for three months?"

"I had some inkling of it."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it was a secret. He told me not to tell anyone."

My wife looked at me as if thinking if I'd keep one secret from her, I'd keep dozens, and probably about girls who were good at algebra. I was the villain of the piece.

One time when I was employed by a text-book publisher, I worked with a quiet stolid man with a large jaw who kept me in a state of suspense with office secrets for a year and a half until I realized they were the very worst kind of secrets. I mean the intuitive or deductive kind.

This man would come into my office, close the door carefully behind him, sit down, look out the window with a flushed face and say, "Well, I hear the lid's off. J. P. is being kicked upstairs. R. G. is out, and T. D. is slicing the department right down the middle. I understand there's something about a Russian mail-order firm taking us over. I'm just going to pretend I don't know anything about it. Don't breathe a word of this, will you?"

For the next week every time I got an interoffice memo my hackles would stand on end, until I realized they were just about things like using blue requisition slips in the future instead of the old pink ones that they'd run out of.

This man at least thought he had something to communicate. It's worse when confidential information is passed on by someone who isn't quite sure of what it is and who plays safe by telling

you not to mention it to a soul. I've shared one of these vague, hinted-at but not-quite-defined confidences with one man for years. I don't know yet what it is, and I don't think he knows either. All he knows is that it has something to do with a new career. Every time I meet him he gives me a bit more information on it. He moves closer to me, takes his pipe out of his mouth, looks up and down the street, and says:

"I'd rather this didn't go any further, but I've been working on a little shop in my garage. I got the idea three years ago from a book on infinite proportions. I've got my eye on a secondhand lathe now."

If I throw him a leading question to try to find out what he's talking about, he just lowers his voice, moves up until his toes are touching mine, and says, "That's just it. The beauty of it is, I'll still have half the garage for anything else I want to do. And don't think my wife isn't behind me on this. You mightn't think it when you don't know her very well, but she's smart. She was a stenographer for a pretty big name in Ottawa for years."

If she's relying on this man's secret program for a livelihood, she should get her old job back. I don't think his secret strategy will produce anything more real than a mild psychological disturbance. A lot of confidences, if not most of them, are the same. We don't move in close to one another and lower our voices about things that are going along nicely. When we touch toes before we tell something, it's because of secret fears and doubts which shouldn't be communicated at all.

Bleeding with curiosity

It's surprising how far some people go with this desire to keep things confidential. I'll always remember one man I worked with who always had a hectic manner, as if he'd just finished a tussle with someone. He was a self-conscious man with a heart-shaped face and the expression of an owl. He'd come into my office quietly and say, "I've something to tell you that I wouldn't want to go any further. I—"

He'd stop and think, then say, "Oh, look—let's just forget about it."

By now I wouldn't be able to forget about it, and I'd be sitting there, looking reliable, ready to keep my lip buttoned up and nearly bleeding at the ears with curiosity.

"Well, all right, I'll tell you," he'd say, with a sudden change of mind. He'd get up and close the door, first looking nervously up and down the aisle.

"Do you mind if I close that other door?" he'd say.

"No. Go ahead. Close the window too. Are you sure you want to tell me about this? I don't want to know if you don't want to tell me."

"No. I want to tell you," he'd say. "After all, what's friendship for? Well, to come right out with it, I'm going to start taking electric-guitar lessons."

I'd sit looking at him, waiting for the secret. This would be it.

"I'd just as soon nobody knew about it till I know how to play. I mean, I don't want to be pestered with people asking me to play at parties and things."

I'd feel the way I did the night they postponed the first Louis-Walcott fight, when I stood in the middle of the living room, keyed up for fifteen bloody rounds and with nothing to do but make a scrambled-egg sandwich and some Ovaltine and go to bed.

But the thing is, this man's secret didn't have anything to do with guitars, really; his secret had to do with some weird idea of himself being pestered by

fans, maybe bobby-soxers, and probably forgetting how to play when faced by an audience.

Like a lot of things that are handled with the greatest discretion, it was a very romantic treatment of the facts. A confidence is essentially a romantic idea anyway. We sit around with our eyes unfocused, thinking of the stark drama of our affairs. We smile, sneer, move our lips and laugh softly at our triumphs over our enemies, until we just have to relieve our state of suspense by telling someone all about the things that are happening to us.

We create secrets around life's little problems the way an oyster creates a pearl around a piece of sand. Or we simply make a secret out of a Freudian wish, and project it on anyone who will swear never to divulge it.

But life is rarely clear-cut, well plotted or full of the raw undigested slices of drama that make good secrets. It's more likely to be a mixture, with its villains and heroes blending into one another, like Irish stew, and the whole thing leaking a bit around the edges. Not that this would matter particularly, but secrets are a lot like lies: they

usually get more and more complicated. All morals apart, it's usually simpler to tell the truth; and it's a lot simpler to tell it out loud.

In fact, I think the ideal way of discouraging people from entangling us in their private affairs, is to do what one man I know does: be completely indiscreet from the beginning. He just tells anything he feels like telling, to anybody. When he is accused of not keeping secrets, he just smiles, nods and says, "Say, that reminds me—have you heard about Frank and that sister-in-law of his? Well, it seems—"

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Jean Beliveau

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

with people who feel modern hockey has deteriorated.

"Beliveau is the greatest thing that could have happened to the modern game," cries Smythe, in the manner of a man who has just found his missing laundry ticket. "They say there's no room left for stick-handling and brains and technique. When has there ever been a better stick-handler? Who has ever shown more savvy? Who ever got a shot away faster?"

"And where did this kid come from?" he shouts triumphantly, "he came from the *helter-skelter* modern game! Helter-skelter my eye!"

This notable lack of argument in a controversial business is one of the more remarkable aspects of Beliveau's position in hockey today, but he wasn't always clear of controversy. Hot battles swirled around him before he reached the NHL: in fact, two prominent hockey executives fought so strenuously to gain his services as a junior that they have few kind words for one another to this day. They are Frank Selke, the managing director of the Canadiens, and Frank Byrne, who was the owner of the Quebec Citadels of the now-defunct Quebec Junior Hockey League.

To keep him in Quebec City when he graduated from junior ranks, men close to Premier Duplessis became involved, and it was widely believed in Quebec that the license to operate a tavern in the Montreal Forum—a big money maker for the Canadian Arena Co., which operates the Forum and the NHL Canadiens—would be revoked if Beliveau were enticed to Montreal by the Canadiens. He stayed in Quebec City for two seasons where record crowds flocked to worship him and spend money that helped pay for the lavish new Coliseum, a bowl devoid of posts that seats 10,338 people, and frequently bettered that total with standees during Beliveau's stay.

In Beliveau's first year with the Quebec Aces, of the Quebec Senior Hockey League, the team drew 281,000 fans in a city of 225,000 people. In his second year, which was the 1952-53 season, they drew a whopping 386,334 fans in thirty scheduled and six playoff games, one of the crowds totalling 13,791 paid. In the three years since Beliveau departed, the Aces drew 255,000 two years ago, and only 103,000 last season. According to coach and general manager George Imlach, they won't reach 100,000 by the end of the current season.

"As long as we had Beliveau the people knew they were watching the best in the world," says Imlach. "They refuse to settle for less now."

Beliveau has always delivered on the ice. He has led the scorers in every league in which he's ever played except the NHL, and it seems likely that he'll do that this year. Last season he was two points behind the leader, team mate Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion, and this season he was the league's leading scorer every week through mid-season. One night against Boston he scored four goals and Terry Sawchuk, the Boston goaler, reluctantly admitted he was beaten cleanly on all of them, a rare confession by any goalkeeper.

Hockey men in all camps strive to find new ways of applauding Beliveau. George (Punch) Imlach, who coached Beliveau for two years with the Quebec Aces where Jean was the world's highest paid pseudo-amateur at twenty thousand dollars a season, came up with this remarkable appraisal: "He'll never reach his potential ability be-

cause the National Hockey League isn't good enough to bring it out."

Hap Day, the general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, was asked recently if there were any known way of stopping Beliveau. He said crisply: "Of course there is. But it isn't legal."

Beliveau is truly an arresting figure. He stands six-foot-three and, by dieting carefully, he can keep his weight at two hundred and five pounds. He has handsome, sharply defined features, with crisp light-brown hair and a warm smile. He views the furore that has centred on him for the last seven years in a detached, occasionally self-conscious manner, explaining that in Quebec City the people made a fuss over all the hockey players, and that in Montreal—well, in Montreal everybody feels a great deal of pride in the Canadiens, don't they? In Quebec City merchants gave him suits and dinners and even an automobile, and in Montreal he earns a basic salary of twenty thousand dollars a year on a five-year contract. This, with a year-round public relations job with Molson's Brewery at ten thousand a year, and the bonuses he can earn in hockey, gives him an income of close to forty thousand dollars a year. It is doubtful if hockey fame has ever brought any other player as much. Selke has said that, because of the eminence of Maurice (Rocket) Richard, no player on the Canadiens would ever receive a higher salary, but it's unlikely that Richard makes as much as Beliveau off the ice.

"He makes the game look easy"

With all of this, Beliveau is a remarkably unaffected and actually modest young man. "I think the fans overdo it too much," he says solemnly in deep-throated, accented English. "It helps so much to be on a good team."

This statement falls into the department of which came first, the egg or the hen. It is true that the Canadiens were a good team before Beliveau joined them, but they have become a great team since. The Beliveau magic seems to rub off on those who play beside him. Last season his linemates, Bernie Geoffrion and Bert Olmstead, who had been better than average players before hooking up with Jean, blossomed spectacularly: Geoffrion's thirty-eight goals tied the output of Richard at the top of the goals list, and Olmstead led the league by a wide margin in assists with forty-eight. Even as a junior with the Quebec Citadels Beliveau left his mark. His right-wing partner, Rainor Makila, was the second highest scorer on the club (second, naturally, to Beliveau) six years ago. But the following season, when Beliveau moved up to the senior Aces, Makila didn't even make the Citadel team. Another time a left-winger named Claude Larochelle filled in beside Beliveau for two games when the regular left-wing was injured. Larochelle scored only six goals all season, but he got four of them in two games beside Beliveau.

Curiously, the average spectator has to watch Beliveau play several games before he begins to appreciate what makes him so good. "That's because Jean makes the game look easy," explains Dick Irvin, the coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, who served in the same capacity with the Canadiens during Beliveau's first two seasons in the NHL. "You've got to look closely to appreciate his finesse."

Over a couple of performances, though, it begins to sink in. At first, because of his size, he does not appear to be a fast skater. He has a long, fluid, powerful stride that is misleading, and he gets a shot away with a smoothness of motion that fools the layman. One

night in Toronto he let one go right after cruising across the blueline. No player obstructed goaler Harry Lumley's view, so the customers were surprised to see the puck bulge the back of the net. A few of them booed Lumley.

"He has the hardest shot in the league," said Lumley afterward with defiance. "In fact, he shot one after that goal that was even harder. It missed the net, but I heard it whack the backboards while I was still moving for it."

Toronto's star right-winger of the Thirties, Charlie Conacher, is generally conceded to have owned the hardest shot in hockey, but Conacher himself figures Beliveau's is its equal. "*Le Gros Bill*," says Conacher, grinning at his French, "gets his shot away a little faster, too." The nickname, *Le Gros Bill*, was hung on Beliveau six years ago by Quebec newspaperman Roland Sabourin. It's the title of an old French-Canadian folk song, *Le Voila Le Gros Bill* (Here Comes Big Bill).

The speed of Beliveau's shot, and his skating stride, were developed in a unique manner by the coach of the Quebec Aces, Punch Imlach. Imlach noticed that Beliveau was missing scoring chances because he was about a half-stride slow in getting into position. In practice Imlach placed a player in the centre of the face-off circle at one end of the ice, and lined Beliveau behind him on the circumference of the circle. Then Imlach dropped the puck on the player's stick in the centre of the circle, and Beliveau's job was to try to overtake him as he sped up the ice.

"At first he couldn't catch his man," Imlach recalls, "but after a couple of weeks he could." So the Aces coach ingeniously assigned a different player to the circle each time he dropped the puck, forcing Beliveau to pursue a fresh man each trip. "Soon," says Imlach, "he was overtaking the fifteenth man almost as quickly as the first."

For shooting drills it wasn't unusual for Beliveau to line up twenty pucks on the blueline after practice and bang away at them for an hour, perfecting a slap-shot. A slap-shot, as the name implies, is one in which the shooter does not control the puck, or cradle it on his stick, before shooting it; rather, he skates quickly toward a moving or an immobile puck and times the swing of the stick to meet it with a hard whacking stroke. The advantage of such a shot is that the goalkeeper has little or no opportunity to gauge its speed or direction. Actually, in most cases, neither has the shooter, who trusts mainly to luck. Not so *Le Gros Bill*, as Andy O'Brien, sports editor of *Week-end* magazine, discovered on a trip to Quebec three years ago. O'Brien was helping a photographer line up pictures of Beliveau. He scoffed when Imlach told him the player could control his slap-shot much as a golfer controls his drive.

"Okay," said Imlach, dumping a pail of pucks on the ice, "where do you want him to put one?"

O'Brien indicated a spot just under the crossbar of the goal. Beliveau skated toward a puck, brought back his stick and followed through on a spanking slap-shot. The puck ticked the crossbar where O'Brien had pointed and ricocheted into the net.

"He doesn't really slap it," says Imlach. "He cocks his wrists like a pro golfer and strokes it."

Even Beliveau's team mates worship at the shrine, and Doug Harvey and Dollard St. Laurent, a Canadian defense pair, occasionally stand at the blueline during a game and shout unbelievably to one another when they see some new facet of Beliveau's technique. "There ought to be two leagues," St. Laurent told Vince

Lunny, sports editor of the *Montreal Herald*, one night after a game, "one for the pros and one for Beliveau."

No one is quite sure how *Le Gros Bill* got so good. He inherited neither his size nor his dedication to hockey from his family. His father, Arthur Beliveau, is of average size and has no athletic background; his mother, the former Laurette Dube, had no interest in sports as a girl and then was too busy raising her family of eight to acquire one after her marriage. Jean, born Aug. 31, 1931, in Three Rivers, is the eldest of five sons and two daughters.

Ten years ago a third daughter, who was then five, was struck by a car and died in hospital.

When Jean was sixteen he began attracting outside attention and two groups, the Quebec Citadels and the Montreal Canadiens' organization, tried to sign him. The family had moved from Three Rivers to Victoriaville, in Quebec's eastern townships about a hundred miles from Montreal, where Arthur Beliveau got a job with the Shawinigan Water and Power Company (he's still there, now a foreman). There was no junior hockey in Victori-

ville, but Jean hung around the rink every day after school and played with any team that needed an extra man.

One evening Frank Byrne, the owner of the Quebec Citadels' juniors, got a telephone call from Lucien Duchene, a former Citadel goaler who was then playing for the Victoriaville seniors.

"I want you to come right down," Duchene told Byrne. "There's a kid here, about sixteen, who practiced with us today and he damn near knocked my head off with a shot. He's big and he's all bone."

About the same time Frank Selke,



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managing director of the Canadiens, had become interested in Beliveau when the coach of the Victoriaville team, Rollie Hebert, recommended him. Selke made a trip to Victoriaville in an attempt to sign Beliveau. He discovered no one in the family spoke English, so on a succeeding trip he took Montreal defenseman Butch Bouchard with him as an interpreter. They were informed by Beliveau's father, according to Selke, that "hockey players are bums." This sentiment apparently was based on the fact that Arthur Beliveau believed his son was spending too much time around the Victoriaville rink which, he felt, was populated by ne'er-do-wells.

Frank Byrne helped dispel this blanket indictment of hockey players in a meeting with the senior Beliveau, pointing out that he would see that Jean roomed with a family in Quebec just like his own, that he would be paid a good salary for playing hockey (there are reports, which Byrne declines to confirm, that the Citadels paid Beliveau seventy-five hundred dollars to play for Quebec) and that he could either work or go to school. Byrne's offer was accepted and in the fall of 1949 Beliveau moved to Quebec City.

Selke, meanwhile, put Beliveau's name on a Canadian negotiation list, thereby preventing other NHL teams from grabbing him.

"I could have outbid Quebec and got him as a junior," says Selke, "but I refused to pay all the junior players what I'd have had to pay him, and I don't think it would have been fair to the other players."

The Canadiens again moved to acquire Beliveau after he'd played two years of junior hockey with the Citadels, but powerful provincial political forces in Quebec wanted him to remain in the old city to play with the Aces of the Quebec Senior Hockey League. Numerous hockey fans in Quebec City today claim that the Montreal Forum management was informed that if the Canadiens outbid the Aces for Beliveau, the Forum's license would be canceled. The Forum's Selke answers this indirectly.

"I have no criticism of the peculiar methods adopted by the Quebec people to keep Beliveau down there," he says. "I don't play politics. I'm in the peculiar position of admiring Louis St. Laurent, and everything I know about Maurice Duplessis is nice. If there is anything phony going on you can't pin it on him. He told me to do what I thought was best for sport in Quebec, and not to worry about political pressure."

Selke must have decided that the best thing for sport in Quebec was to leave Beliveau at the capital, because the young man collected twenty thousand dollars a year helping to pay off the mortgage on the new Coliseum for the next two seasons. Actually, he earned more than the one thousand dollars a week he received for twenty weeks of the hockey season. He got twenty-five hundred dollars as a public relations representative of the Laval Dairy.

Le Gros Bill might have been in Quebec yet had he not signed a B Form with the Canadiens on Oct. 12, 1951. The B Form secures a player for an NHL club if and when he turns professional, although in 1951 that seemed unimportant to Beliveau because he got this wire from Frank Selke:

"If, as you have frequently said, you plan to play with Montreal Canadiens, should you ever decide to become professional, you should sign Form Bs now in mail giving us option to your professional services. We in turn will transfer you to Quebec Aces with whom you can play hockey as long as you wish with-

out hindrance from this end. Our relations have been most pleasant to date so let's keep it that way. Regards."

Two years later, with only the Quebec Aces dissenting, the pseudo-amateur Quebec league's representatives voted to become a recognized professional league. The instant that happened, Beliveau became the professional property of the Canadiens, because of the B Form he'd signed.

A few months earlier the Canadiens had escaped from political pressure when an agreement was made between the NHL and the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, under whose aegis the Quebec league fell. Under this agreement NHL clubs were permitted to draft players from teams in CAHA-governed leagues for cash. Thus, if the Canadiens didn't take up Beliveau after the 1952-53 season, there was nothing to prevent other NHL teams from doing so. Obviously, Quebec politics could not reach down to New York, say, to keep the Rangers from drafting Beliveau. So it was clear to all that, if Beliveau was to be kept in the province, the Canadiens would have to take him. Thus in the summer of 1953 Montreal signed him to a five-year contract calling for a hundred thousand dollars. And the doors of the tavern stayed open.

When Beliveau's father learned the denominations of the bills his hockey-playing son could command, he was quickly able to convince himself that not all hockey players were bums. In lining up outside jobs, Beliveau was helped by a widely known Quebec City sportsman, Emile Couture, who had watched and admired the young player's ability at Victoriaville. When Beliveau became dissatisfied with a job at Anglo Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, and talked of returning to Victoriaville, Couture scouted around and lined him up a job at twenty-five hundred a year with the Laval Dairy as a public relations representative. It was Couture, too, who convinced the Molson's

people that Beliveau's name would be a valuable addition to the firm.

"He was so shy," Couture recalls, "he didn't like to say anything for himself."

Even today he has retained that reserve, sitting quietly in a hotel lobby when the Canadiens are on the road and solemnly signing autograph books if youngsters recognize him, or reading a magazine or a pocketbook. On trains, when the players congregate in the smoking room at the end of their sleeper to play hearts, he is the quietest player in the room. The English-speaking players on the club call him John; the French-speaking players give him the name the soft accented Jean. For years he has been called Jean Marc Beliveau in the newspapers, but he has, in fact, no middle name, and has no idea where the Marc originated.

Jean mixes his French and English among the players but speaks only French to his pretty blond wife of three years, the former Elise Couture (no relation to sportsman Emile Couture) of Quebec City. She speaks English fluently. Their exchanges in French are a carryover from the days of their courtship in Quebec City where, as Beliveau puts it, "nobody speaks English." The Beliveaus have no children. They recently moved into a six-room house in Longueuil, a Montreal suburb, where they spend most of their evenings quietly, watching television when Beliveau isn't making a rather self-conscious speech or presenting a trophy on behalf of Molson's. He travels all over Quebec for the firm during the summer, umpiring ball games, making presentations or attending banquets for the brewery, a tall, reserved, slow-striding figure. He samples the product only occasionally during the summer and rarely during the winter.

As yet he has no long-range business plans. "I am only twenty-four," he says. "Rocket Richard he is maybe ten years older, and what a great hockey player. I would like to go on for some years and I will if there are no injuries." He frowns when he speaks of injuries, as though they preoccupied him. "The injuries," he says, "you never know about them." He has invested his money liberally in Canada savings bonds.

And he steadily has been becoming a better hockey player. "It's something new every game," says linemate Bert Olmstead. "He has such remarkable reflexes, can so quickly take a pass in front of the net and fire the puck hard and accurately. He has the same sense of direction as the Rocket, and is big and strong in front of that net, hard for the defensemen to knock down."

He's getting tougher in a tough game, too. Through his first two seasons he took knocks and digs without retaliation, feeling they were part of hockey, but this year he has been striking back, and drawing more penalties for it. In seventy games last season he had fifty-eight minutes in the penalty box. This year, after just forty games, he had already been penalized a hundred minutes.

"I used to wonder why Rocket Richard would blow up when other players chopped at him," he remarked recently, "but I am beginning to understand."


His new attitude pleases his employers, who feel that it has given him a greater respect by lesser players who used to take advantage of him.

Kenny Reardon, assistant managing director of the Canadiens, was asked recently if there were anything about Beliveau that bothered him.

"Just one thing," he replied. "How'd you like to have the job of signing him when his five-year contract runs out?" ★

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Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."
Check your answer below.



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The enchanted isle of sudden death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

between Greek and British negotiators and that Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, was confident his security forces were gaining the upper hand over the handful of Greek Cypriot terrorists.

As I flew high over Paris, winging southeastward, I wondered at the brashness of Greece in acting as agent for the revolutionary movement in Cyprus—the same Greece that was so recently an ally of the battlefield, the same Greece that holds a key membership in the NATO alliance, the same Greece that has blood ties reaching into Buckingham Palace. I looked at the map. Cyprus is by no means a part of the complex of Greek islands in the Mediterranean. It is five hundred miles southeast of Athens, only forty miles from Turkey, only sixty from Syria. For three hundred years it was a province of Turkey. In 1878, in return for one hundred thousand pounds a year and a promise to aid the Turks against Russian encroachment, Disraeli brought Cyprus under British administration. In 1914 the island was formally annexed to the British crown and in 1925 Cyprus was proclaimed a British crown colony.

But blood and seed have a way of ignoring beribboned parchments. Dark centuries of rape and plunder, no less than modern generations of civilized British administration, have left the hard Cypriot basically untouched. Eighty percent of the islanders remain Greek-speaking, Greek-thinking, Greek-worshipping. The other twenty percent remain Turkish. There is no intermarriage, no social mingling, very little business interplay.

Danger signals in the night

It was dark when the plane came down at Athens airport for refuelling, and at once the crisis in Cyprus was all around me. Security guards surrounded the plane because it is British. In the airport restaurant someone whispered to me that another student riot had erupted before the British Embassy and another British flag had been burned. I remembered being in Athens only ten years ago when another generation of students adored the British for defending Greek liberty in street fighting against Communist revolutionaries.

The next stop was Nicosia, three hours of flying, and on departure from Athens I was relieved to see the plane fill up with Greek nationals, including two handsomely bearded priests. It wasn't likely that a mad student would conceal a bomb in this plane.

The plane came over Cyprus in a tight approach pattern and at a well-defined altitude. Any diversion is dangerous. RAF patrols are in the air watching for unauthorized flights over the Cyprian mountains. The rebels need arms, and on these winter nights signal flares are often burning to guide parachute drops of equipment.

At Nicosia airport I noticed that the security guard who came out to the plane was a Turkish Cypriot (you soon learn that a great many of the security personnel employed by the British are of the Turkish minority). A customs inspector asked me if I was carrying arms, but he didn't search beneath my soiled shirts.

There were two roadblocks before my car cleared the airport compound and then the driver stepped on it along an unlighted highway. At the Ledra Palace, a spacious sandstone hotel on

the outskirts of Nicosia, the Greek Cypriot management seemed delighted to see me. The place was empty except for a handful of correspondents. The room clerk said, "A year ago you would have required a reservation thirty days in advance." In the grill room an orchestra was playing to empty tables. (A fortnight before a bomb had been tossed through an open window onto the dance floor.) In the lobby a bulletin read: "Time of issue, 2030 hours. Just after 1900 hours this evening a bomb was thrown in Metaxas Square which exploded outside the disused post

office now used to house Security Forces on duty in the area. No casualties."

I settled down and wondered how and where to start. But I didn't wonder for long. Within an hour they were all in touch with me—the British, the Greek Cypriots, the Greeks, the spokesmen for the Turkish minority. They all knew I'd arrived, for intelligence in this island moves quickly. And the strange drama of terror, debate and intrigue began to unfold.

I soon learned that the Greek cry of "Enosis!" and the Cypriot demand for "self-determination" are, in practical

fact, the same thing. Enosis is the Greek word for union (and has come to mean the union of Cyprus and Greece) and the Cypriots once used it but have been convinced that "self-determination" is a less bare-faced, more legalistic term. There's no doubt that any Greek Cypriot parliament that gains the right of self-determination will, in the next breath, vote for enosis with Greece.

While the majority of Greek Cypriots, who constitute eighty percent of the island's population, would vote for enosis, the Turkish Cypriot minority of twenty percent would vote unani-

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Cyprus is Britain's last base in troubled Middle East

With Turkey only forty miles away, majority of islanders appear determined to link with Athens, five hundred miles away. How long can Britain remain?

mously against it. But the over-all popular vote would unquestionably favor union with Greece. This is candidly admitted by spokesmen for the British colonial administration. It is the key fact in the whole situation, the moral basis of the enosis argument, the cause of the fury, frustration and terrorism of the Greek arch patriots, the master point of Greek appeals to the United Nations.

How great a majority of the Cypriot people would vote for enosis in a secret ballot is open to question. Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the enosis movement, claims every vote of the 430,000 Greek Cypriots. The archbishop's shadow government, the Ethnarchy Council, held a "plebiscite" on Jan. 15, 1950, and reported a vote of ninety-six percent of the Greek Cypriot adult male population without a single dissenting ballot. But the vote was held in Greek Orthodox churches; it was not secret; it was taken after inflammatory speeches from the pulpit; the opposition (if any) was not represented; in short, it was not a plebiscite in the Western sense of the word.

The consul-general of a neutral power, a man who has no axe to grind, told me: "My own estimate is that in a genuine secret ballot conducted, let us say, by the United Nations, not more than sixty percent of Greek Cypriots would vote for enosis. If you consider the Turkish vote which would be overwhelmingly for the British, the result would be close but, I believe, slightly in favor of enosis."

Yet, wise or foolish, moral or immoral under the political code of the mid-twentieth century, the British have set their faces against self-determination for the Cypriot people under present circumstances. They have offered an almost full measure of internal autonomy; they have promised, and indeed instituted, reform; increased financial assistance; they have even agreed to recognize the principle of self-determination to be invoked at some indefinite date in the future. But, in the light of present strategic and political circumstances,

they resolutely decline to allow the Cypriots the freedom to make this island Greek territory. The British are at least frank about it. They will not be pushed out of this last British stronghold in the Middle East.

The British offer a variety of explanations, both valid and questionable, for their stand. "We have an obligation," a spokesman said, "to the large Turkish minority and also to the two thousand British permanent residents. They planted their roots here in good faith. We can't brusquely hand them over to Greek citizenship. We have an obligation, too, to peace in this area. This island, after all, is on the doorstep of Turkey, and the Turks are already breathing threats of violent action if the Greeks take over. This is our principal, indeed our last, base in the Middle East—or it will be next May when the last British troops leave Suez. We are spending twenty million pounds on it and it's essential both to NATO and the entire Western position that we keep it. The argument of Archbishop Makarios that we would be permitted to maintain rights on the base really doesn't hold water. The huge Greek minorities in most Middle East countries could be held as hostages against Greek action in the event of crisis, if this island comes under Greek sovereignty."

But perhaps the overriding British consideration is one of face. "We have been pushed out of Burma, India, Egypt, the Sudan, practically out of Iraq, and of course Abadan. Where does it end? If we allow a handful of Cypriot terrorists to cow us here, what happens to Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Singapore? We must make a stand somewhere and this is as good a place as any."

The government of Greece, despite its long-standing friendship and treaties of alliance with Britain, is clearly an agent provocateur in the Cyprus matter. Incitement to rebellion is beamed each day from a radio station in Athens. Greek consular officials here make only a pretense at being outside but interested parties in the crisis. There is good

reason to believe that arms and financial support, no less than moral support, have their origin in the Greek mainland.

An ambassador of a neutral power, presently serving in Athens, explained the Greek attitude this way: "It is an emotional thing that has seized both the government and the people. In Athens today one would think there was no world crisis, no Soviet threat. Cyprus is the one and only question. It is a national fever and it runs higher every day. All factions in the coming election are outbidding one another on the Cyprus question. The slightest hesitation on Cyprus would doom any political party."

My own observations bore this out. Of the scores of persons I interviewed, and these included some of the terrorists, the most implacable, most emotional, were Greek nationalists. Enosis is a Greek nationalist movement, not a Communist one. The Communists have a substantial voting strength in Cyprus and they tried naturally to intensify the disorders for purely nihilist purposes (the party is banned in Greece). Governor Harding has interned the Communist leaders and closed their newspapers, but the importance of this action can easily be overemphasized.

Bomb-tossers in a hurry

The one physical spearhead of the enosis movement is a secret terrorist organization called EOKA. It is responsible for the murders and the bombings, and its membership is sworn to continue the terror until union with Greece is achieved. In the classic style, its membership is divided into cells of five so that no one member can betray the whole movement. It is believed to consist of between fifty and one hundred and fifty members. They are most difficult to track down, for they strike in lonely mountain passes or in crowded shopping streets. Either through intimidation or blood loyalty, they clearly enjoy the protection of most of the island's Greek Cypriots. By mid-January they had killed thirteen British soldiers, mostly from ambush, and seriously wounded thirty-five. Only one known EOKA member has been killed by the British. He was Charalambos Mouskos, a twenty-three-year-old cousin of Archbishop Makarios. He and three companions ambushed a British officer and his driver in the Troodos Mountains. The driver was instantly killed and the officer alone stalked the four attackers. The officer, Major Brian Coombe, was awarded the George Medal.

British military commanders told me they are fully confident that EOKA terrorism is being contained and will eventually be eliminated. It seems that few Greek Cypriot terrorists are anxious to die for the cause. Most of their bombs explode harmlessly because the bomb-tosser is in too great a hurry to make good his own escape. Sensitive to jibes of being more vocal than lethal, EOKA claims to have killed more than two hundred and fifty British soldiers but, in neutral quarters, the accuracy of the official figure of thirteen British dead is not doubted.

Nevertheless, the terrorists have

gained two important victories. They have attracted world-wide attention to the problem of Cyprus and they have forced the British to adopt such repressive measures as arrest and search without warrant, roadblocks, curfew, and virtual martial law. This tends to turn public opinion against the British.

I spent two days listening to the vehement propaganda coming at me from all sides, then I decided to escape, explore the island for myself, and try to sort it all out. Cyprus is indeed an island enchanted by nature. Even in January the sun beams out of a crystalline sky and the thermometer rises to sixty-five. I drove along an excellent road through Greek and Turkish villages, clearly separated as to population, and up into the Kyrenia mountains to the twelfth-century castle of St. Hilarion, so spectacular as to give Walt Disney a lesson in imagination. The road descends, steep and winding, into the fishing port of Kyrenia, a picture post-card town, once a paradise for tourists and now quiet and conspiratorial as are all towns on the island.

I returned to Nicosia and tramped through its narrow crowded streets. I paused in the doorway of a boxlike apothecary's shop where two British soldiers bled to death after being shot in the back. I wandered along, challenging passers-by out of the corners of my eyes, and found that I was being similarly challenged. This is the outward symptom of a town in the throes of terror. I wondered, what does the face of a terrorist look like? How does his mind work? Why bloodshed in a land that has existed peacefully for centuries and, by Middle East standards, happily?

There are no answers to be found in the faces of the island's chief protagonists, Governor Sir John Harding and Archbishop Makarios. Sir John has a soldier's outlook and a soldier's face — neat, determined, blue-eyed, very English. His mission is to cleanse the island of terrorists. He is confident he can accomplish it. After that, under political directive from London, he can negotiate. Makarios' shrewd black-bearded face is equally determined: "One of two things must happen during this year," he told me. "Our demand for self-determination shall be satisfied or things will get worse for the British." He is young—forty-two—iron-willed and politically ambitious. He was elected to his post as head of the church in Cyprus, an office that automatically carries with it the temporal leadership of the Greek Cypriot majority.

I spent days wandering the island, asking questions. Why, when there is a stable economy here, would a people want union with Greece where they are still struggling with unemployment and inflation? A Greek Cypriot businessman answered this way: "This small island is taxed to support nine thousand British or British-appointed civil servants—one for every fifty-seven Cypriots. If we are going to be taxed, let us be taxed by Greeks for Greek purposes. It doesn't matter if we might be more prosperous under the British. All the money in the City of London cannot bribe us to forget we are Greeks."

The days passed and I felt I was coming close to the heart of the problem but not quite close enough. Then a break occurred. A message was passed to me from EOKA. A terrorist spokesman was willing to talk to me.

I was instructed to walk along a street outside the battlements that enclose the ancient city of Nicosia. I patrolled the street alone for nearly half an hour, eyeing everyone who passed, wondering if the message was a fake, or if the terrorist had been scared off by

Long Distance



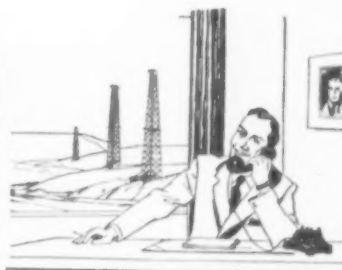
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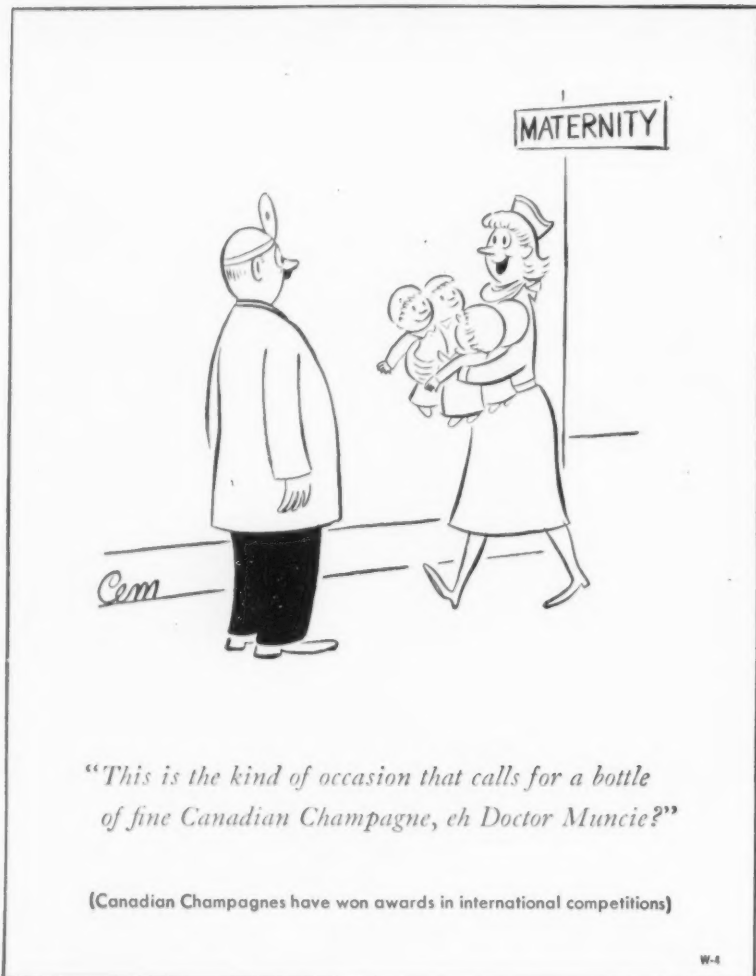


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the frequent British patrols. I was almost ready to give up when I discovered someone had come up behind me. He walked with me a short distance, perhaps a hundred yards, and then he spoke. His accent was heavy but his English precise, though he clearly had to reach for vocabulary. He told me I must not look at him—for my own safety. I could see only that he wore a bulky overcoat and that his collar was well up around his ears. The voice was that of a man over thirty. It was the voice of terrorism. It asked me what I wanted to know.

I asked: "If Archbishop Makarios reaches agreement with the British on self-determination, will you automatically cease terrorism?"

The voice, harshly: "We are not terrorists, we are patriots."

I repeated the question, substituting the word operations for terrorism.

The voice: "I can't tell you definitely. Everything depends on the terms of the agreement. We will not accept vague promises for the future."

I said that Makarios was rumored to be negotiating on the basis of self-determination within a period of not longer than ten years.

The voice: "That would not be satisfactory to us."

I asked what would be satisfactory.

The voice: "We cannot state it precisely." It became agitated and declamatory. "We want our freedom. We cannot have it too soon. We are Greeks. We have the right to our self-determination. We will die for it but we will win."

I asked if he thought EOKA would beat the British force.

The voice: "If they do not leave, many of them will die."

And if they still do not leave?

The voice became shot through with vigor. "It is impossible. They must leave. We are Greeks. What right have they to rule over us?" The voice took on the ring of sloganeering: "We are not black natives. We fought for liberty long before the British knew the meaning of liberty..." It went on declaiming well-worn phrases about self-determination, about the conspiracy that prevented a debate on Cyprus in the United Nations, about the Greek tradition of fighting and dying for freedom.

I interrupted in an attempt to get the man back to the realities of the problem. What if the British did not agree to self-determination within a short period?

The voice: "There will be open revolution everywhere in Cyprus. It will not be the first time the people have won against an army. We are prepared to lead the revolution—" It paused, then it said, "We are being observed—" and the man walked quickly ahead.

After a little time, a motorcycle shot past me and I suspected that the terrorist had been picked up by a colleague.

I walked slowly through the dark streets to the hotel, and reflected on how little of fact I had learned from the voice of terrorism. But I had learned something of great value. The voice was curiously reminiscent of every Greek Cypriot voice I had heard.

There is much to be said for the British case in terms of strategy, and for Turkish fears of coming under Greek domination, but the central fact remains that, wisely or unwisely, these people are determined to become a part of Greece. They have the numbers. They have the will. They have, by 1956 standards, political morality riding with them. It is a matter of time and negotiation. The only question left is: how many more lives will be lost before the inevitable settlement is made? ★

Let's stop building \$15,000 shacks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

the builders in business today are competent to build homes. He described some men putting up subdivisions as "charlatans in construction." One Montreal builder anxious to get the money for his work as soon as possible put up a home so fast that the roof fell in before it was finished. He lost the contract, another builder took it up, and as a result the home cost two thousand dollars more than had been estimated.

Even builders are alarmed at what's happening in their industry. At a meeting in Winnipeg a few weeks ago the Canadian Construction Association called on the federal government for a housing inspection service that would "assure the adequate protection" of home buyers. From most evidence, the request was overdue. Recently Stewart



MACLEAN'S

Bates, president of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, a government agency that administers the National Housing Act under which about half the new houses are built in Canada each year, issued a warning to Toronto builders:

"Competition among you will soon reach the point," he said, "where only better-quality houses will find a ready market. House builders will have to make room for it. There will be no room for those who don't."

In the meantime the home buyer is often at the mercy of builders cutting costs with second-rate materials and workmanship to fatten their profits, or builders who simply don't know their jobs. In Halifax an architect was asked by a friend to look over his half-built home after a minor argument with the builder. The architect did and found that the builder was a carpenter who didn't even have a blueprint for the house but was working from a crude sketch on an envelope. He had quoted a price of thirteen thousand dollars, but there were no specifications for materials and no written agreement that he'd build the house for that price. It was finally completed by another builder for fifteen thousand dollars.

At the time a house is being built there are several inspection services available to a home buyer, but none of them will guarantee that the eaves-troughs won't leak, the cement floor in the basement won't crack and the paint won't peel off the walls six months after he moves in. Many official inspections mean little and many inspectors

are inexperienced or indifferent in their work. While some municipalities have excellent inspection staffs others make only the most cursory examination of new homes.

The most useful and thorough inspections are those carried out by the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, but they'll apply to only about seventy thousand of the hundred and twenty-five thousand homes built in Canada this year. This will be the number built under the National Housing Act by which the Canadian government guarantees banks and insurance companies the money they loan for house building. Since the government guarantees a twenty-five-year loan the CMHC sets standards of materials and workmanship designed to make sure that a house lasts that long.

Even the CMHC inspections—there are four on each NHA house at various stages of the construction—do not ensure a first-rate house. "They prevent the atrocious," one CMHC official said recently, "and they stand in the way of slipshod building methods and cheap or faulty materials."

For the other fifty-five thousand home buyers this year Canada's four thousand municipal governments also have compulsory inspections, but they are far from foolproof. The municipalities are interested only in whether a building is safe and sanitary and not in whether the workmanship is good or the materials are made to last. Only about six hundred of all Canada's municipalities have adopted or try to enforce the National Building Code, a bulky set of rules developed by the National Research Council to promote better building practices and the use of good materials.

Thus the reliability of building inspections varies according to where you happen to be building a house, and also according to who inspects it. In North York township on Toronto's outskirts the chief inspector, James Garlick, acts as a tough policeman over all home building and has sworn to "chase every jerry builder from the community." In another Ontario municipality, I recently inspected a subdivision of shack-like homes that had passed all municipal inspections.

In these homes the doors are less than six feet high. A tall man can peer through the jagged saw cut at the top of some doors. The floors aren't level, and some walls are so badly aligned that they appear to have been pushed askew by some giant hand. Ceilings dip menacingly in the middle and plaster is cracked in the corners. In one house, less than two years old, there is no cement on the basement floor and no hot water. Water supply comes from a tank that collects run-off from the roof when it rains. This home has seven hundred square feet of room and was offered for sale at eight thousand dollars.

Even the CMHC and the municipalities that insist on sound building can't always be sure that their inspectors are a hundred percent behind them. "At the bottom we have men who'll take a few dollars to overlook a fault," one CMHC official told me. "At the top we lose our best men to private industry at twice the salary we can pay them."

If a home buyer hasn't received his mortgage through the NHA, or if his municipality and its inspectors wink at cheap and imperfect housing, how can he protect the money he puts into a house? The answer is that the buyer today has to look after himself. The CMHC has recognized this and is now preparing a booklet of instructions, complete with pictures and diagrams, on what to look for in house building. "We hope that home buyers will do

their own checking," says the CMHC's information officer, George Hunt.

One expert, a Toronto engineer named William Hincks, advises clients about to buy a new home to employ an architect to look it over before they make a move. Harry J. Long of Toronto, the president of the National House Builders Association, suggests that a buyer get to know his builder and check his credit and his qualifications. "If he's operating on a shoestring," says Long, "watch out. That's when he cuts corners."

Most of this advice, however, boils

down to the fact that it's up to the buyer to find out what constitutes good wiring, good heating, good construction, insulation and drainage, in addition to checking up on the character of people he's dealing with. And he can't be too careful, for in today's building boom there are rich opportunities for cheats.

Canada's house-building business is a muscled giant that gives work to a hundred thousand men and consumes a billion board feet of lumber and seven million barrels of cement in a year. It is a complex interplay of efforts, many

apparently working in opposite directions. Land speculators force up the price of homes; builders try to force them down. Builders work and scheme to make shortcuts in construction; inspectors try to stop them.

When builders achieve their shortcuts and inspectors don't do their jobs the result is usually jerry building, a loose term that describes a bad job. A jerry-built home won't necessarily collapse or burst into flames. In fact if it's covered with paint it could get by in a dream of a rose-covered cottage. One fifteen-thousand-dollar house

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in Toronto is, in the words of its owner, "the prettiest little place you ever saw from the outside." Inside, it's terrible. It settled unevenly on its foundations and there isn't a room that is square, level or plumb. Enormous cracks in the walls have been covered with canvas and wallpaper. The floors are so uneven and unstable that the furniture literally skates across them. Nails have worked their way out of boards, and in the kitchen they have pushed up the rubber tiles. It was a young builder's first house.

Many Canadians have financed such inexperience. Walter Bergman, of the Winnipeg House Builders Association, says there is a growing number of unskilled builders in that city, including one man who was a jeweler and another who worked as a druggist. Harry Long of the National House Builders says there are twenty-five hundred "reputable, established" builders in the country but ten thousand others who "at some time or other build houses." It is these men, he says, who put up our fifteen-thousand-dollar shacks.

It's perfectly legal when such a builder goes about cheating a home seeker. In an NHA home he may skimp on the plumbing to save a hundred dollars or use shoddy fixtures and electrical materials to save another fifty. In other homes he may save up to forty dollars by installing a furnace too small for the house, and twenty dollars on a hot-water unit that won't last a year. In the long run the buyer pays heavily for the economies on which the builder made his money.

The shrewd builder can so conceal his shoddy work that it is exposed only by careful examination. In many Canadian municipalities nobody cares officially whether a house has proper insulation, sewage, water or light. Unscrupulous builders trade on the ignorance of the home buyer, who knows nothing about building and is often willing to trust a builder as he would a doctor.

One Toronto man who bought a new twenty-thousand-dollar bungalow a year ago was certain he'd made a sound purchase. But his TV doesn't work because the wiring is inadequate, his guttering has leaked at all the joints, his basement floor is always damp, the paintwork has peeled and faded inside the house and outside. Mortar has fallen from between the concrete blocks of his garage and putty is coming loose on his windows.

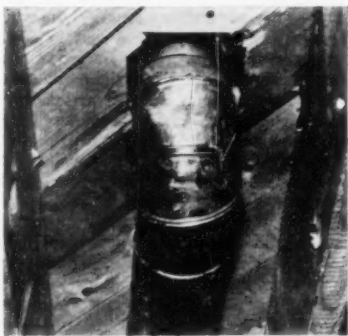
This buyer was smart enough to have a clause written into his building contract making the builder responsible for such flaws that came to light in the first year. Aside from the inconvenience he won't suffer. But many do.

Often a buyer's only contract with a builder is verbal, and he has no comeback when the work is slipshod and the materials aren't what he paid for. One home owner I talked with had complained to his builder about the plumbing in his twenty-five-thousand-dollar home. The builder referred him to the plumber, who merely laughed and said that the builder "got exactly what he paid for." Inspectors in the municipality, when the owner protested to them, said "the plumbing was okay" when they looked at it.

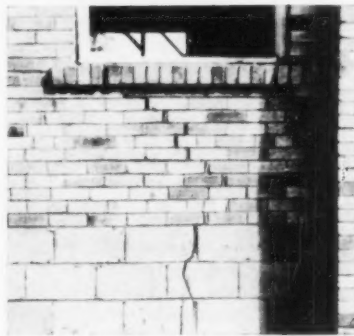
In British Columbia, where frame houses are common rather than the brick construction familiar in many parts of eastern Canada, architects often hear complaints that modern homes are built to last only fifteen years. "The trouble," says architect John Porter, "is that many builders use green lumber and this causes warping and cracking of plaster and quick dilapidation."

CMHC regulations would guard against such faults in NHA homes,

How jerry-building cheats the new-home buyer



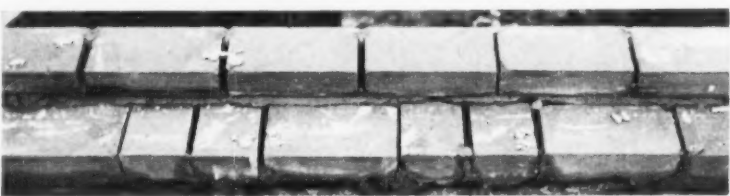
NO INSULATION on this heating duct means wasted heat. Lack of clearance through the floor creates a fire hazard.



NO BACKFILL around the foundation allowed the footings to settle in wet weather and cause cracks in brickwork.



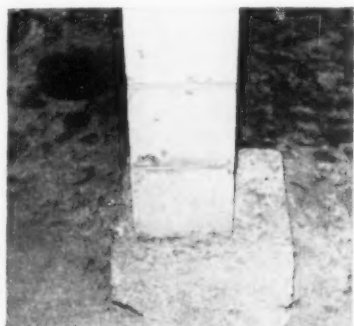
NO PROTECTION after this concrete was poured in cold weather allowed water in concrete to freeze. After that the foundation crumbled and had to be rebuilt.



NO MORTAR between bricks means it wasn't mixed right. These are actual pictures of new housing taken within the Toronto district during the past year.



NO CEMENT, just caulking, on chimney flashing would allow it to peel, permitting water to ruin the ceiling.



NO CARE by builder resulted in this supporting block pier not being centred squarely on the cement footing.

but they do not apply in the cases of very cheap or very expensive houses, which cannot be financed through NHA. Yet expensive houses often lend themselves to construction shortcuts. One Toronto house priced at thirty-five thousand dollars had a furnace far too small to heat it properly and the electrical system was inadequate for air-conditioning, washing and other appliances.

Some reputable builders claim that it is the higher-priced home that attracts the more unscrupulous builders.

One Toronto builder puts up only two homes a year, sells each for thirty-five thousand dollars and makes ten thousand profit on each. "Luxury-home buyers are the world's biggest suckers," he told me frankly.

This kind of builder, usually a salesman rather than a construction expert, tries to buy lots in the middle of developments being put up by reputable builders, counting on their reputation to help sell his houses. "When I see one of those things going up near one of mine," one prominent builder

said recently, "I get a notion to put a match to it."

The need for some kind of regulations or supervision to improve the quality of Canadian housing has been recognized by the federal government ever since 1935. At that time few municipalities had any building bylaws; nor did they care what kind of homes went up. To stimulate building during the Depression and reduce unemployment the government passed the Dominion Housing Act which authorized government loans to home buyers of up to one quarter of the cost of a home. Private loan companies and insurance companies were left to finance the other three quarters of the cost. In making the loan, however, the government required lending companies to enforce certain building regulations.

Only five thousand homes were built with DHA loans between 1935 and 1938, when DHA was repealed and replaced with the National Housing Act, which actually was not much different. During the war there was hardly any home building, but at the end of the war, with a housing boom in sight, the government created Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation to administer the National Housing Act. It wasn't until 1954, however, when the government stopped putting up a quarter of the cost of a house as a loan and began to guarantee the entire loan made by private companies, that CMHC set up its own inspection service.

An army of dollar grabbers

In the meantime some strange things happened in the home-building business. One of the most significant was the decrease in skilled builders. In normal times builders' sons inherit their fathers' businesses and learn their skills. But during the Depression and then the war builders' sons were looking for other jobs or joining the armed services. "We lost a whole generation of builders," says Harry Long of the National House Builders Association.

When the postwar building boom started there weren't enough trained builders to handle it, and so the door was left open for a small army of dollar-grabbing opportunists. These men knew little or nothing about building. In some cases they were outright crooks. In one case in Toronto a builder persuaded three architects and twenty co-operative home builders to okay his accounts while he went ahead and built a subdivision. He underestimated the selling price of the homes and was unable to finish them. The men who had endorsed his accounts all lost money.

And how did the home buyer make out in this atmosphere of every-man-for-himself? Even for buyers of NHA homes there wasn't much protection. After the war the CMHC was primarily interested in getting homes for the people clamoring for them, not in safeguarding the quality of houses. Some builders made such a killing in this period they were able to retire. It wasn't until 1954 when CMHC began taking a closer look at the products for which the government was guaranteeing loans that buyers began to get a better shake.

But when the CMHC tries to get better homes for Canadians it finds itself caught between hostile builders on one hand and incompetent inspectors on the other. Last summer CMHC inspections in the Toronto area were so exacting that the Toronto Metropolitan Home Builders Association accused the corporation of "brain-washing" its inspectors and adding a thousand dollars to the cost of the average new home. CMHC and municipal inspect-

"Some builders trade on a home buyer's ignorance and give him trashy materials"

Would an underpaid inspector take money to pass shoddy work?

ors receive about thirty-five hundred dollars a year and are expected to know as much about their business as a building superintendent, who commands around eight thousand. "There's a great temptation," one CMHC official told me, "for an underpaid inspector to accept fifty dollars to pass a shoddy piece of work that would cost a builder five hundred to rebuild." In a highly competitive market builders are continually trying to cut costs, and one way they can do this is to employ ill-trained workmen at low rates of pay. These men are responsible for most of the nagging deficiencies in a new home—peeling paint, leaking windows, ill-hung doors.

Such a combination can wreck a house as surely as termites or dry rot. An unqualified plumber got a contract for twelve homes recently in north Toronto. Happily, an inspector found he had no permit to do such a job, examined the work and rejected it. Trying to cut that corner cost the builder thirty-five hundred dollars in alterations.

Bad builders are often those who are operating in a shaky financial condition and who cheat home buyers without actually getting rich themselves. President Harry Long has reported to the NHBA that many small builders trying to compete with one another are making only a three or four percent net profit on homes. These men often call their sub-contractors—plumbers, electricians, plasterers—together and demand that they cut their prices too.

The plumber, who has been able to do a fair job on six hundred dollars a house, refuses to accept four hundred and fifty dollars and quits. His place is taken by what the trade calls a "bootleg" plumber. By working swiftly with cheap or sub-standard materials he meets the lower price and does a bad job. "Some apprentices work in the evening as a sideline," says James Whitehead, a supervisor with a Toronto plumbing firm. "They work cheaply, and not very well."

In the same way reputable electrical contractors are replaced by less-experienced men who use shoddy outlets, switches and wiring.

"I am constantly depressed by the number of builders who don't care what they give a home buyer," says Roland DeMers, a Windsor electrical contractor who also heads the Ontario Electrical Contractors Association. He estimates that eight out of ten new homes are built with wiring too skimpy to operate both a clothes dryer and an electric range. "Some builders argue that people who buy an inexpensive home have no right to own a dryer. I call this arrogance. It's like asking a man to buy a Chevrolet with an outboard motor." Many people buying a new home find out later that they have to replace the entire electrical and heating systems, which are not adequate for the house.

Some smaller builders claim that land prices in large Canadian cities also lead to bad building. There is a shortage of serviced land in the big centres—land with sewers, water and roads—and the smaller builder cannot compete with the large builder for hundred-acre plots. In Toronto he may pay up to five thousand dollars for a lot to build a home on. In Winnipeg land values have jumped six hundred percent since the war. To compete with large builders who buy their land cheaper in large quantity, the small builder has to cut building costs and often does a bad job.

A federal curb on land speculation

has been urged by many authorities, including Eugene Faludi, the town planner. It is ridiculous, says Faludi, that the government refuses to guarantee loans on houses when the builder is found cheating the customer, and does not take a similar action when land prices are out of line.

The inference in Faludi's remark was that the average home buyer needs someone to look after him—he's not

capable of looking after himself—and this is largely correct. An executive in one large Toronto firm, F. C. Brake of Saracini Construction Co., said "I am amazed that a man who demands to know everything about a car for which he pays three thousand dollars will spend fifteen thousand on a home and not know how the taps work."

"We may count our blessings," another builder told me, "that people are

ignorant about every aspect of building."

Thus thousands are cheated through their own ignorance by unscrupulous builders who encounter surprisingly few curbs, especially in their own profession which has no national code of conduct. This was illustrated recently in Hamilton, where a builder approached a plumber he knew and asked him to instal plumbing in a new house.

"Why ask me?" the plumber enquired. "What's wrong with the plumber you've been using?"

"This is different," said the builder. "I'm going to live in this house." ★

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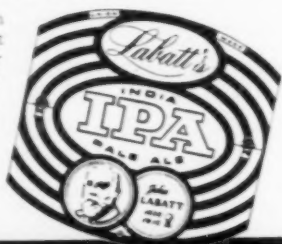
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**THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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Mailbag

Now it's Hutchison's Happy Land

Bruce Hutchison's fine reporting of his coast-to-coast trip warms my heart and gives me a new, wonderful opinion of Canada, the summit of America, now a happy land, the envy of the world... —Charles Parker Stokes, Ottawa.

● Hutchison has given readers a realistic and instructive description of the present state of affairs in Newfoundland, and he even uses the typical Newfoundland accent, which is quite different from the speech of the people of southwestern Nova Scotia who are becoming Americanized... —Hiram E. Conrad, Cherry Hill, Lunenburg, N.S.

● The majority of people in Newfoundland are not the fishermen of Bauline and Bell Island but rather paper-makers of Grand Falls and Corner Brook, miners of Buchan's and Bell Island and the many others in St. John's and Gander and Botwood—well-educated people whose sons go to Canadian universities. They are not so blind to the Canadian way of life as Hutchison indicates. —G. M. Edison, London, Ont.



● A few words of appreciation for Bruce Hutchison's *The Island*. I can now understand why the few persons I have met from *The Island* spoke of it in such glowing terms. —Ed. Blain, Hanna, Alta.

● Hutchison's description of North Rustico is misleading. This village is not characterized "by unpainted houses, a community pump and a towering wooden church." All the men who attend meetings in the public hall do not "wear gum shoes and overalls," the chairmen are usually not the kind that "blush scarlet" and the Rustico representative in the legislature is not "a nervous stammering little man who has to call upon a stranger to speak for him."

A true picture of North Rustico would show it as a prosperous fishing village of 150 families, 95 percent of whom own well-painted houses. There is here a fine modern twelve-room school... there are not "dingy" but attractive stores and canning factories. —Allison Gallant, North Rustico, P.E.I.

● Bruce Hutchison rediscovered Nova Scotia. I can see he was not around Digby long. The way he describes its dark Norman faces—in fact there are a lot of blond people. There are no plodding oxen. The farmers use mostly tractors and horses. When the French crept back they came in groups, not a family at a time. The only way a person can smell the fish is if he is poking around the wharves. —Rose Marie Comean, Halifax.

● Bruce Hutchison says, "Halifax has been called backward, conservative and humdrum but you will find more ideas, more debate, more learning and clear thinking here in one day than most Canadian cities can supply in a month."

... Diligent enquiry reveals that this character has never been in Neepawa, Man. If he wants some fast debate, fast thinking and learning, he should attend one of our council meetings and learn how fast the taxpayer can be taken. —S. James Dumfrey, Neepawa, Man.

● Hutchison's description of Sydney is not correct or complimentary. There are no miners lounging around the streets wondering about the next mine closing; the nearest mine is twelve miles away. As to miles of dingy houses, it just isn't so. —J. Morrison, Sydney, N.S.

● If all Canadians would read Hutchison's Nova Scotia, they would surely have a better understanding of this coastline... —Alice Westcott, Sydney, N.S.

A champion egg eater

Ian Sclanders' article, *Candy Unlimited* (Dec. 24), states that Arthur Ganong eats half a ton of candy a year. A candy eater myself, I calculated that this was nearly three pounds per day. If this statement is true, I am no competitor to The Great Ganong. However, for the present, I will accept the information with a grain of Tory salt.

I'll tell you a true story. John Holmes, a Liberal, swallowed seventy-



two standard raw eggs at one sitting and he was not a poultryman. —L. H. Barnes, Calgary.

Teachers hate Bob too

Robert Thomas Allen is sore at people, children, dogs and now teachers (*Why I Hate My Kid's Teacher*, Jan. 21). Who does he like? —A. R. Betts, Edmonton.

R. T. A. says he used to be quite fond of Mae Murray, a movie star.

More hearts for McGill

How I enjoyed Phyllis Lee Peterson's sentimental journey back to McGill (*My Heart Belongs to Old McGill*, Jan. 21)! Every graduate or student who ever attended the university will remember with nostalgia his or her student days after reading Mrs. Peterson's article. —Mrs. G. C. Swan, Lakeside, Pointe Claire, Que. ★

The lady and the crooks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

after a sharp struggle and strapped him by his own belt to a steam pipe. They cut through window bars with a hacksaw, then let down a rope made of sheets and blankets knotted together. Baldwin tried the fifty-foot descent first. He was halfway to the ground when the improvised rope broke, causing him to fall heavily, and cutting off O'Sullivan's escape entirely.

When the alarm was raised and guards reached the hospital ward, Canning was dead. Two hundred Toronto policemen launched the biggest manhunt the city had seen up to then. Twenty-two hours later Baldwin was recaptured.

Unable to find what she considered a competent male defense lawyer for Baldwin, Miss Parsons decided to defend her first murder case. When it opened the newspapers made much of what was another "first": never had a woman in Canada defended on a capital charge. Later she explained that her own motive was quite simple: if she had withdrawn that might have been the last straw in prejudicing his defense, since she was admittedly his lawyer. And her unshakeable conviction was that Baldwin, although a criminal, was not guilty of murder until it had been legally proved.

The prosecution based its case on testimony of other inmates that Baldwin had beaten as well as tied the guard, and on the conclusion of the provincial pathologist, Dr. W. L. Robinson, that Canning died from asphyxia caused by choking, consistent with the pressure of a thumb and forefinger on the throat. The bones on both sides of the guard's Adam's apple were broken, Dr. Robinson testified, and death was instantaneous or within five minutes.

Miss Parsons' defense was that there had been no intention to kill the guard, that rather his death was accidental and that, in murder, intent must be proved. She took the unusual step of putting her client into the witness box. He admitted tying the guard up, even falling heavily on him when "Mr. Canning got a leg loose, kicked out and I slipped." But he denied intention of killing him, even of hitting him.

After a seven-day trial the jury deliberated eleven hours; no verdict could be reached. A new trial was ordered at a date four months later. Vera Parsons spent that time, or a considerable part of it, studying the anatomy of the human throat with a medical expert who also had court experience. She also studied other aspects of the case, for at the trial she started out by confidently taking apart the testimony of the other prisoners.

When the provincial pathologist had repeated his testimony and was turned over to Miss Parsons for cross-examination, she dramatically displayed her medical research of the past four months. She signaled to an assistant, who unfurled huge colored diagrams of the human throat. What followed cannot be called a medical triumph for the woman lawyer, nor did she exactly shake the testimony of Dr. Robinson. But the pathologist was obviously impressed with the thoroughness of defense counsel's preparation, and with the knowledgeable alternative possibilities she put forward as to the cause of death. (He even answered "yes" to her long hypothetical question, "Assuming a man was unconscious through a fall and unable to cough up something like a tooth filling or a morsel of food resting long enough on the larynx to close

it, is it possible he would die whether or not he had broken cartilage in his throat?")

This time the jury took only five hours to agree with Miss Parsons that Baldwin was guilty of manslaughter rather than murder. Since then she has defended two more clients on murder charges, and neither was found guilty of the capital offense.

Sometimes a client or a client's relatives feel that a woman lawyer might have some sentimental effect on the judge or jury, but Miss Parsons scorns such a weapon. "When I enter court,"

she says, "I am just another black-robed advocate."

In fact, in one memorable case in which she defended a man charged with murder, while an eminent male lawyer defended the man's wife, jointly charged, it was the male lawyer who created an atmosphere of pathos while Miss Parsons relied on law. This was the case of Elmer Hilborn, a Toronto civic employee. One morning in 1947 Hilborn, his wife and three children were found deeply drugged with sleeping tablets. Firemen rushed respirators to the scene, but eight-year-old Bryan

was dead. Police found on a mantelpiece several notes concerning the settlement of family affairs and other matters. One read: "Please do not have my children and wife cut up as there is no need for a post mortem as we have all died from an overdose of sleeping tablets." Since Mrs. Hilborn signed some of the notes, she was charged jointly with murder.

In court Miss Parsons drew from Hilborn a history of misfortune. He began by describing his first marriage. Two babies had died. His wife contracted sleeping sickness, became par-

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tially paralyzed, was left hopelessly crippled after a fire and died after two years of suffering. He married again and had three children. Without warning, his wife developed lockjaw and died three days later.

"I could feel myself slipping from this time on," Hilborn said. "The trouble was more than I could bear."

He married a third time, he continued, to make a home for his children. Then, a week before the incident of the sleeping pills, his wife was severely injured when her hair was caught in the washing-machine wringer and her hand was crushed while she tried to protect her head. She suffered great pain and would wake up in the middle of the night suffering from shock and nerves.

From then on, Hilborn said, it was a nightmare for them both. "I took ninety-three phenobarbital tablets so I could get out of it all, and get away from those horrible nightmares. My wife took a number of these pills so she might go to sleep." The reason he gave his children about ten pills each, he said, was to help their nervous condition. "I had no intention of poisoning my wife or children," he declared. "I should have died instead of my boy."

When it was the wife's lawyer's turn to speak, he simply capitalized on what Vera Parsons had elicited so factually: "It is hard to think of this incident with dry eyes," he intoned. "Poor soul . . . no one who has not had such an experience as befell him will ever know how salt was his bread and how steep his stairs."

Another lawyer who happened to be in court recalled that "there was scarcely a dry eye in court except Vera Parsons'." She proceeded briskly to establish facts that convinced the jury that Hilborn was guilty of nothing worse than manslaughter. His wife was freed.

Only the facts for Mickey

Occasionally, however, Miss Parsons considers the emotional effect a client may have on the court. In 1946 she was retained to defend thirty-two-year-old Georgina Slemensky on a charge of murder. The woman had been living in a one-room shack in Toronto's east end. When Miss Parsons first saw her client in stained and ragged clothes, she was appalled at the thought of the impression the woman would make on the jury. So she sought out one of her own friends, of Georgina's approximate size, and borrowed a presentable outfit. Georgina's newly demure appearance, plus her lawyer's expert handling of the facts to establish reasonable doubt, brought an acquittal from the jury.

When Miss Parsons was retained to defend her most notorious client, Mickey MacDonald, one of the latter's relatives confided to a friend that it was partly because "so much has happened to Mickey that a little sentimental appeal in the shape of a woman lawyer might help, and certainly couldn't harm." MacDonald's relatives, however, were taken aback when Vera Parsons conducted a completely unsentimental defense.

Vera Parsons became Mickey MacDonald's lawyer after he had served five penitentiary terms, after he had spent forty days in the death cell awaiting execution for the murder of Jimmy Windsor, a Toronto horse player, at the latter's family dinner table (a sentence later reversed by acquittal at a new trial), and at a time when he was under sentence for kidnapping and for the armed hijacking of a thirty-five-thousand-dollar truckload of liquor.

Her first service for MacDonald was obtaining a new trial on appeal to the Court of Appeal. MacDonald wanted

"Chance of error in murder cases is remote," she says, and defends the death sentence

the lawyer who had won him the retrial to defend him then. From their first meeting MacDonald knew there would be nothing done in his favor except a thorough application of fact, probability and law. MacDonald started the interview with loud protestations of innocence and defiance of the police. "Mr. MacDonald," Vera Parsons commanded quietly, "let us look at the evidence."

And look at the evidence she continued to do, bringing meteorologists to testify as to the darkness of the night, casting none too subtle doubt on the police methods and those of the crown, trying to show a reasonable doubt to which MacDonald might be entitled. The jury found him guilty and a sentence of fifteen years was again imposed. Miss Parsons took the case to the Court of Appeal, unsuccessfully, and to the Supreme Court of Canada, equally unsuccessfully. It was shortly after this final dismissal of the appeal that MacDonald made a sensational escape from Kingston Penitentiary. He has never officially been seen again.

When Vera Parsons addressed her underworld, slang-talking client as "Mr. MacDonald" it was not an affection. It was part of an instinctive manner toward clients which serves to make them feel that before the court they possess a dignity and a right to be respected, at any rate as far as she is concerned. Some lawyers dealing with a witness or client with a long, difficult foreign name are apt to stumble jocosely over it. Miss Parsons takes great pains to learn the correct pronunciation of the names of the people she is to deal with in court or outside; this is a trait that makes her greatly admired and respected by long-suffering, long-named new Canadians.

This sense of courtesy is perhaps the one point at which Vera Parsons' pri-

vate life and public life touch, and is a legacy of the days when her first job was to help newcomers to Canada feel at home. For she did not come to law directly. The daughter of an executive of the Robert Simpson Co., she attended private schools in Toronto, graduated in modern languages from the University of Toronto, took her MA at Bryn Mawr, and went on to the University of Rome for a doctorate degree in comparative literature.

In Rome she lived in Sacramantini Convent. Her studies interested her and for a time she was happy in the ancient and beautiful city. But after a year she felt herself in a backwater, cut off from active, vital living. She decided to return home without her final degree.

The crown attorney said no

Back in Toronto she found her most useful immediate asset was the ability to speak Italian. A settlement house had just been opened in the heart of the immigrant district, and she volunteered for the job of helping Italian families adjust to the new country. Soon she became an institution in the Italian community.

But Vera Parsons herself often felt far from adequate. The feeling came to a head one day when a kerchiefed Italian mother came to her in tears. Her daughter had run away from home and had been charged with vagrancy. Would Miss Parsons please come to court and speak for her?

When they reached the courtroom the case had already been disposed of, by sending the girl to jail. Miss Parsons approached the crown attorney and said she would like to say something on behalf of the girl, especially as there had been no defense lawyer. He refused, saying the case was closed. Miss Parsons thought the procedure

highly improper, but she realized that only a lawyer would have known how to act for the girl without getting "pushed around."

It suddenly occurred to Vera Parsons that there was an answer: become a lawyer—a criminal lawyer, since it was apparent that it was in that branch of law that most people were "pushed around." She enrolled at Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto, and applied to be articled to the late W. B. Horkins, who had more criminal cases than any other lawyer in the province. He accepted her, perhaps for the novelty of working with Ontario's first woman criminal lawyer. But when three years later, in 1924, she graduated with the class Silver Medal and the Christopher Robinson Memorial Scholarship (a present judge of the Ontario Court of Appeal took the Bronze Medal), Horkins made her a junior partner. She brought her own basic clientele, a large Italian following.

Having earned the right to speak in court, Vera Parsons makes full use of it. After she had examined every facet of one case before a Supreme Court of Ontario jury, her opposite number, Crown Attorney William O. Gibson, commented, "Miss Parsons' client should be everlastingly indebted to her. I have only heard one other speech as long as hers today in the last fifteen years."

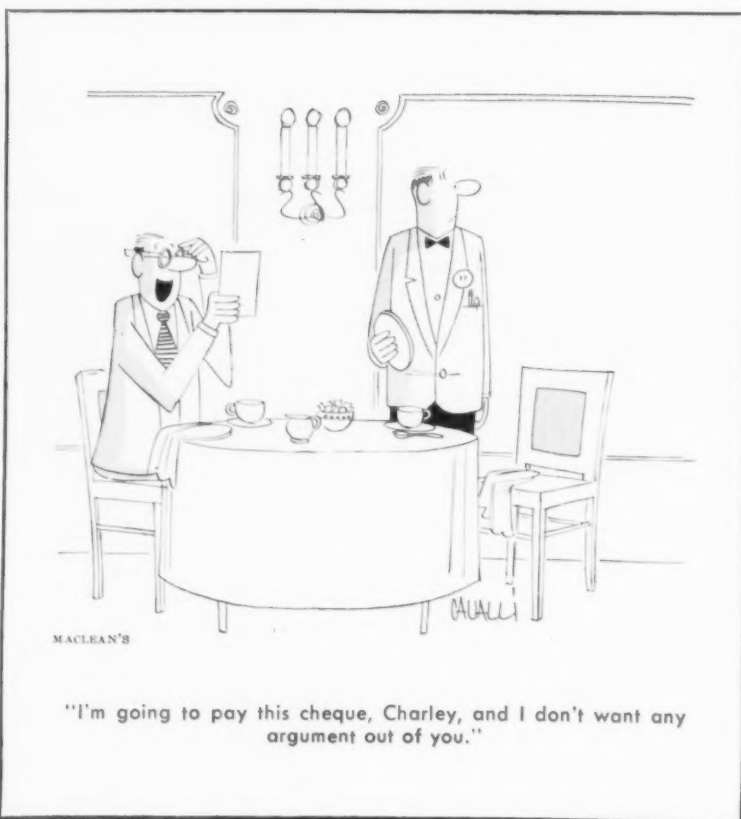
She not only has her say regardless of the court's disposition to hear it, but seriously advises young lawyers to do likewise. Many a case is lost in appeal court, she maintains, because a lawyer abandons an excellent argument as soon as one of the judges shows some sign of disagreeing with it. "The other four judges, listening quietly, may thoroughly agree with you," she points out.

Her position on the question of capital punishment has surprised fellow lawyers who know her as one who will go to extremes to defend criminals. At a meeting of the Canadian Bar Association last winter she was one of a small minority who voted against abolition of capital punishment, and argued her case vigorously. "The possibility of error in murder convictions," she asserted, "is extremely remote."

Perhaps the most important gift Vera Parsons can pass on to a young lawyer is her unswerving respect for the law. A graduate who articulated with her put it this way: "It's pretty disheartening to come out of Osgoode, where you've learned the high principles of law, and immediately get into what most young lawyers must—the messy dirty business of petty crime and vice. Then you come in contact with Miss Parsons' high-principled approach to the law, even in the most sordid cases, and it gives you new courage to go out and become a good lawyer, too."

But even a good lawyer, no matter how dedicated to the law, must occasionally escape the wearing demands of the courtroom. Perhaps Vera Parsons is happiest in those summer months when, the courts closed and a trip to Europe decided against for that particular year, she goes up to her island camp at Temagami in northern Ontario. Sometimes with a few friends, most often alone, she can relax completely with courts, clients and law remote and forgotten. But visiting friends can recall one emergency in which she hastily and effectively summoned her most imperious courtroom manner. There was a noise at the back door and Miss Parsons investigated. A large black bear stood there. Lawyer and bear stared at each other for a long moment, then the lawyer spoke coldly: "Go on away from here."

The bear turned and beat it hastily into the bush. ★



Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

General Assembly at the time. When Syngman Rhee suddenly forced the Communists' hand by freeing the prisoners of war whose fate was then the subject of negotiation, Pearson immediately issued a statement on behalf of United Nations. He said, "We are under no obligation to support any operation brought on by the Republic of Korea and not by the United Nations." If Dulles really was willing to resume the Korean War on that issue, he would have been on his own.

Pearson made a speech in parliament a month ago, in the debate on external affairs, which contained the customary tributes to U. S. strength and leadership. This time, however, he added a cautionary remark. Our strength, he said, "must not be dissipated by bluff." It was fairly obvious what he had in mind.

BLUFF WAS NOT the only thing in the Dulles interview that upset people in allied governments. They were also annoyed at some statements they believe to be false, and alarmed at some statements they think might be true.

Of the statements they call false, the most outstanding is a charge that has appeared in Time and Life before, but never so directly attributed to the U. S. Secretary of State. By this account, after "the French pleaded for American intervention in the form of a carrier strike" in Indo-China, Dulles asked the British to join the U. S. in supporting the beleaguered French; they agreed to meet and plan a joint intervention, then changed their minds and backed out.

British diplomats say there is no truth in this whatsoever. Canadians were on hand at the time—it was the eve of the Geneva meeting where the armistice in Indo-China was concluded—and their recollections support the British denial.

As for the statement that the French were "pleading" for American intervention, the French say the truth is exactly the opposite. It was not they but Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the U. S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, who was begging for American intervention. The French, who desperately wanted to end the war and a few weeks later did so, say now that they were very reluctant to entertain Radford's urgently proffered help, and were relieved when President Eisenhower refused to support him. It may be worth recalling that Vice-President Richard Nixon, in a famous "off-the-record" speech at the time, advocated the use of American troops in Indo-China whether the French continued the war or not.

Canadian recollections of that hectic time are clear enough. As the Canadian delegates understood it, Dulles wanted to take a threatening attitude but nobody would back him. The British wouldn't go in, the French wanted out, and in the end the United States too decided to let matters take their course.

Of the alarming statements which might be true, the one that caused the deepest misgiving was that "Eisenhower decided on the tactical use of atomic arms should hostilities (in Korea) be resumed. Our allies in the UN command would be informed of these decisions when and if the time came to implement them."

In allied ears this sounded altogether too true to be funny. The Pentagon's idea of "consultation" has been demonstrated often enough in less important matters. The idea that atomic war might also become a *fait accompli* some day was almost as plausible as it was terrible.

IT'S NOT FORGOTTEN, of course, that these are all quotations from a magazine article, not a state paper. Dulles himself pronounced a memorable understatement when he said, at a press conference later, "I would never

have expressed myself in quite that way for publication." But in spite of all the explanations, qualifications, modifications and lamentations that Dulles emitted after the article appeared, the one thing he didn't emit was a repudiation.

This was no mere scruple. Washington reporters have not forgotten the time Dulles invited a group of the most respected U. S. writers from the most respected U. S. newspapers to a private dinner at which he explained a change of tactics in Korea which the new Republican administration was con-

templating. They were authorized to publish the story without attribution, and did so. Reaction in congress was unfavorable, so the State Department officially announced that the report was without foundation.

The Life article, however, was based on an interview of which a verbatim record was taken. Some copies of this verbatim record are reported to be circulating in Washington, though at this writing none has been published. The word in Ottawa is that the verbatim record is stronger, if anything, than the Life article. ★

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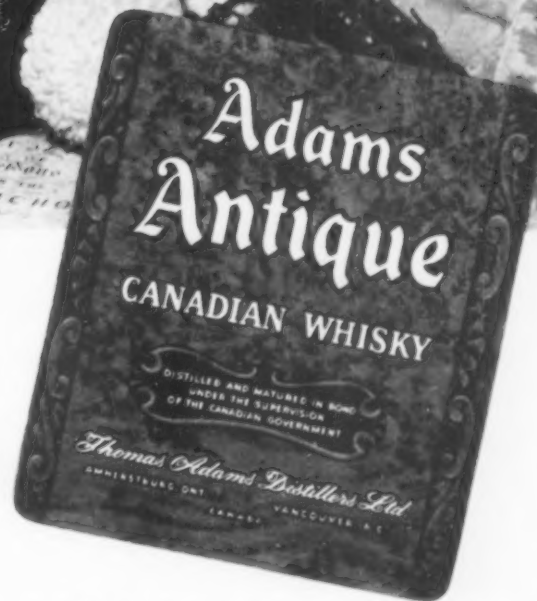
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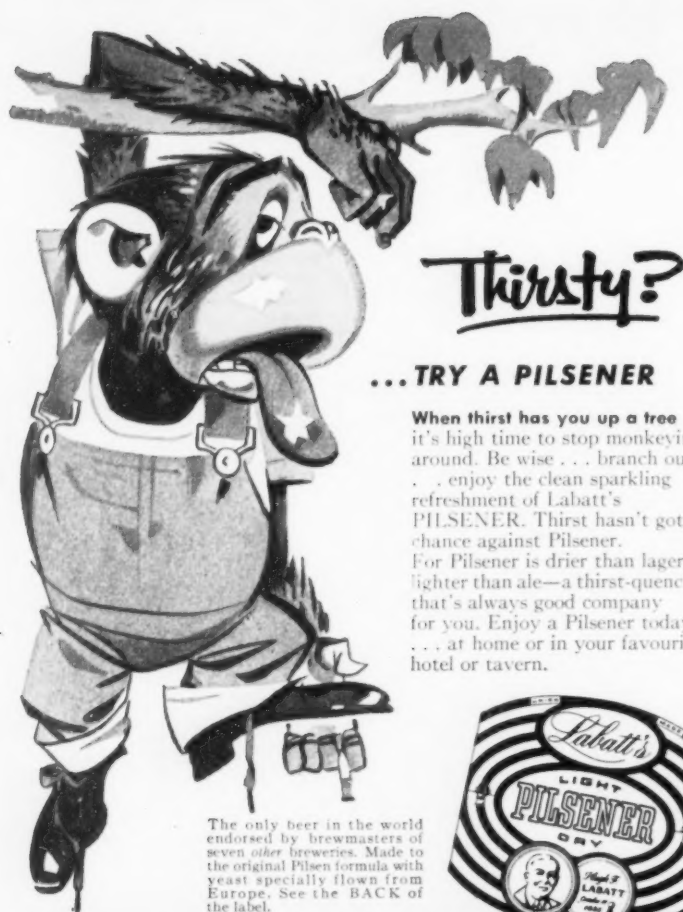
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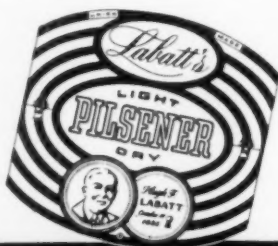


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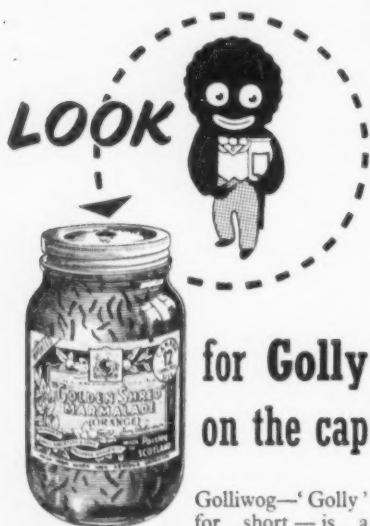
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How Stratford went to Broadway

Continued from page 10

rather awe-inspiring disdain for cost.

Stevens, an enthusiast who automatically visits the nearest theatre whenever he travels, had seen Quayle perform in many Shakespearean plays at Stratford-on-Avon. He remarked last spring to the actor-director that Quayle hadn't been seen on Broadway for nearly twenty years.

"I'd like to bring you to New York next season," he told Quayle. "What would you like to do?"

A smile lit Quayle's face. In 1951 he had witnessed the world's first revival of Tamburlaine the Great, directed by Tyrone Guthrie with a cast of the Old Vic Company. Donald Wolfitt had starred in the play, which had a successful run in London and at Stratford-on-Avon, and Quayle had watched the performance with mounting excitement.

"I'd like to do Tamburlaine," he told Stevens, "with Dr. Guthrie directing."

Guthrie was willing, Stevens was charmed and Quayle was delighted. The next question was to decide in which country the cast would be recruited. All three doubted that, in an era of dirty-jeans realism, a cast of actors trained to speak in classic pear-shaped tones could be found in New York. Actors' union difficulties precluded any possibility of bringing a cast from England.

"How about Stratford, Canada?" suggested Guthrie, who retired as active director there last year. It was agreed upon instantly. Stevens' Producers' Theatre, a partnership of three New York producers, had been interested in bringing the Canadian Stratford company to New York, though its interest previously had been of the ephemeral rather than the concrete-offer variety.

A short time later an arrangement was made in which the Stratford Festival Foundation of Canada would pay production costs for Tamburlaine—the scenery, props and costumes—and Producers' Theatre would handle the

rest, including salaries. Stratford's part of the bargain rose above the early estimates, to about forty thousand dollars. The funds came out of profits that had been set aside to cushion the Festival against a bad season. If Tamburlaine failed on Broadway and this summer's plays failed at Stratford, the company would be ruined financially. It seemed reasonably unlikely the fates would deal such a double blow. Producers' Theatre had the larger share of the expense: one week's payroll amounted to nearly fifteen thousand dollars.

It was known from the beginning that Tamburlaine could not make much profit for its investors. It was advertised for a limited eight-week run in New York to permit the Canadians to make a movie of Oedipus (presented for two seasons at Stratford) before beginning rehearsals for the coming summer's Stratford Festival. Harold Kusell, company manager of Tamburlaine, estimated that it would require the full eight-week run, with capacity audiences, for Tamburlaine to break even.

"If your main concern in the theatre is making money, you don't do plays like this one," explains Robert Whitehead, one of the three partners in Producers' Theatre. (Stevens and Dowling are the others.) Whitehead, a dapper handsome man thirty-nine years old, is from Montreal, a former actor in New York who turned producer in 1947 and stunned the theatrical world with a production of Medea, starring Judith Anderson and John Gielgud. Whitehead frankly was tepid at the prospect of presenting Tamburlaine until he learned that Canada's Stratford Festival Company was involved.

"I'd been waiting for a chance to bring a major Canadian theatre group to New York," he told a reporter at a Tamburlaine rehearsal in Toronto. "This project suddenly interested me."

Guthrie began rehearsals of Tamburlaine late in December in a basement



Tamburlaine's audience a showpiece too

Marlene Dietrich, in mink under brocade, and Canadian-born Raymond Massey flocked with celebrities to the opening. At the end they cheered.

lecture hall at the University of Toronto. It was only three weeks before the opening night in Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre. This was a shockingly brief time to rehearse, but because of the expense of so many salaries, rehearsal time had been reduced from the normal four to six weeks in an effort to keep costs down. Guthrie was depending, to offset this disadvantage, on his own familiarity with Tamburlaine and on the fact that most members of the company were accustomed to working together. Every performer came with his words already learned, including Quayle who had spent weeks absorbing more than a thousand lines.

"We won't bother with a read-through," Guthrie announced calmly. "We'll begin with the movement."

The company began. Guthrie had recruited a cast that contained in its experience every aspect of the development of Canadian theatre. Almost everyone in the company had started in high-school drama clubs and church-basement productions of James M. Barrie. Almost all had gone hungry and worn shabby clothes in order to act in a country that had no established theatre, but only small straining groups which usually flickered out in a vacuum of ennui. The knowledge that New York was the destination of Tamburlaine gave every rehearsal an extra dimension. All of the company cherished a vision of an opening night on Broadway, with the audience cheering and the critics ecstatic. A half dozen had come cruelly close, several had been in New York TV shows, but not one had ever been on a Broadway stage.

Clean laundry: no movie

Robert Christie, who had a good role as one of Tamburlaine's captains, was one of the actors who had thought once before that New York was within his grasp. He returned from overseas in 1946 to be offered a part in a Broadway play, but he couldn't get through border restrictions in time for the first rehearsal. Christie, a craggy-faced veteran of almost every major theatrical group in Canada, started acting in 1934 with the country's first summer-stock company at Bala, Ont., and went to Winnipeg in 1936 with the country's first truly Canadian repertory company.

Another of Tamburlaine's captains, William Hutt, cleaned cheserfields in Toronto after he decided in 1946 that he wanted to act. Last summer a New York producer, Kermit Bloomgarden, saw him in the Canadian Players' production of Saint Joan, and asked him to read for a part in The Lark, a Broadway show that stars Julie Harris and Boris Karloff. It was his big break. He arrived at the theatre, was shown to the stage and handed a script. An actor had been hired to read opposite him. In the empty theatre sat the producer and some backers. Hutt was terrified; he read badly and lost the part.

Robert Goodier, who started acting for no salary in Montreal in 1932, was in an expensive production of Saint Joan which was headed for Broadway last winter. Its star, Jean Arthur, suffered a breakdown in Chicago, and the show closed. Goodier walked the streets of New York, looking for work as an actor; he stretched his money by eating only once a day. William Shatner, another of Tamburlaine's captains, also started in Montreal, where he lived on thirty dollars a week. Twenty-eight dollars was required by his budget to eat and sleep; if he wanted to have his laundry done, he couldn't see a movie.

Some members of the company were with the cast out of chauvinistic senti-

mentality. Lloyd Bochner, best known for his performance as Hamlet on Canadian television, turned down two offers of major roles in other Broadway productions in order to do a bit part in Tamburlaine. Goodier, whose part required him to be strung up in the air by his wrists and shot at with arrows, moaned that he was "an ant in a technicolor anthill," but took his small part because of his respect for Guthrie and his desire—after twenty-four years in Canadian theatre—to be part of Canada going to Broadway.

The rehearsals went well, which is to say that utter chaos prevailed. Since Tamburlaine is essentially a one-man play, Guthrie's genius for making bit players feel important was given infinite exercise.

"This is a dramatic moment for you, Peter," he would say to an actor who had not a single line in the whole play. "This man is dying and you feel something. Show us you've hated him but you're horrified at his death."

The advance promotion for the Tamburlaine opening in Toronto spoke of "a cast of ninety-five," which, one of the company dourly observed, must include the first three rows of the balcony. The company actually consisted of seventy-six, with most of the players doing two or even three parts. Of this number, twenty singers and dancers were from New York. The Americans were hired to help ease the cost of the payroll: the Equity union minimum for an actor at home is eighty-five dollars a week, and for an actor on tour one hundred and twenty dollars a week. During the New York run of the play, the Canadians would be considered on tour. The use of the Americans there saved approximately seven hundred dollars a week in salaries.

The first full dress rehearsal took place in Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre the night before the Toronto opening. Technical crews, brought from New York, seemed busily certain of themselves and called instructions in broad Brooklynese. Guthrie, a lanky morose giant, stalked the aisles while Robert Whitehead slouched in a seat, making notes with the aid of a pencil flashlight.

After the first act Guthrie climbed angularly over the footlights and addressed his cast. "Robert Goodier, you're fidgeting too much. Bill Hutt, you're beating Don Davis much too timidly. You've got to show that you mean business and really lay it into him with your whip."

He paused. "Is he hurting you?" he asked, reluctantly.

"No," replied Davis.

"Fine, fine," said Guthrie. "Now you'll all have to get off the stage much more quickly..."

"We'll have to wing it opening night," Whitehead observed after the rehearsal, using a television term to describe a show that has had little preparation. "We're going to need every night of the Toronto run to get this in shape."

His gloomy estimate turned out to be prophetic. The opening night of the Toronto run, attended by many of the city's most prominent citizens, was made memorable by its catastrophes. A music cue went wrong during the opening moment, catching David Gardner after the first word of his prologue. He was forced to stand with his fist in the air for thirty long seconds until the music ended, and then begin his speech again. "In the interval, my whole life passed before my eyes," he later remarked.

Tamburlaine contains a trick effect with arrows: Robert Goodier hangs by his wrists at the back of the stage while bowmen shoot arrows at him. Arrows

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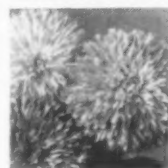
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

appear all over his body and he writhes and screams realistically. It's a trick that startles and shocks—when it works. During the Toronto opening, the spring that controls the arrows that are hidden in Goodier's costume failed, and the arrows rose languidly from the folds of his clothes, one at a time. During Barbara Chilcott's death scene as Tamburlaine's wife, someone backstage laughed long and hilariously. A ball-and-chain attached to the ankle of English actress Coral Browne, who co-starred with Quayle, made her mad scene somewhat ludicrous.

That night launched the dissension over the choice of Tamburlaine. Many theatre goers in Toronto hated the production. "It's an animated crime comic book," snorted one patron. "Do you suppose they might be planning to return with Son of Tamburlaine?" demanded another balefully, as the final curtain fell. Others overlooked the opening-night difficulties and were enraptured by the sweep of the spectacle, by the costumes and staging. "It's theatre like a glorious tapestry," observed one woman, "utterly magnificent."

"I'll bet five thousand dollars that it flops in New York," a Toronto businessman remarked at a party. Lloyd Bochner heard of the offer. He found friends ready to help him cover the wager and phoned the businessman the next day. The businessman, startled, rapidly retracted his bet and wished Bochner well.

But the cast had little time for such diversions as betting with millionaires. In the ten days of the Toronto run, Guthrie called twenty-three rehearsals. Every day lines were lopped off speeches and the action quickened. Bochner suffered most of all, losing an entire scene next to the final scene—a fine spot for an actor to make himself memorable. William Cole, a twenty-one-year-old musical-comedy singer, had only one line in Tamburlaine and this one was removed. Seven minutes were cut from the running time of the play, a considerable gain since, at Whitehead's suggestion, many of the speeches were delivered more slowly to be better understood.

A few days after the Toronto opening, a carnival whipper named Tex Williams arrived from New York to join the company. He had been hired by Whitehead to enliven the several scenes of Tamburlaine in which whipping was required. Tex prided himself on his ability to cut a cigarette out of a woman's mouth with his whip; he had performed, he announced, all the whip tricks in The Kentuckian, a movie starring Burt Lancaster. He rocked on his high-heeled cowboy boots and surveyed the members of the Canadian Stratford Festival Company, attired in goatskins and shields. "Man," he said dolefully, "this is the craziest thing I've ever done."

During the course of the Toronto run of Tamburlaine, Ernest Rawley, who is manager of the Royal Alexandra Theatre, observed that a perpetual line had formed from his box office to the street. Ticket sales were approaching a record-breaking mark; a Wednesday matinee was sold out, a circumstance almost unprecedented. "It's a hit!" Rawley told his friends. "It's a palpable hit!" At the end of the run, the theatre had grossed about fifty-five thousand dollars, paying off Tamburlaine's operating expenses in Toronto and leaving a small profit.

It cost Producers' Theatre about

twenty-eight hundred dollars to move Tamburlaine from Toronto to New York. The sets, trunks, effects and costumes traveled in two boxcars. The cast rode a day coach, leaving Toronto shortly after dawn on a Sunday morning.

A redcap at Grand Central Station watched the company get off the train, stiffly tired and disheveled. "You people with a show?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," one of the players said. "Tamburlaine."

"Should be a hit," said the redcap, gathering up some bags. "Got a real queer name."

Most of the actors headed for hotels in the vicinity of the Winter Garden theatre, dropped their luggage in their rooms, then walked rapidly to the theatre.

It was a cold winter night, close to midnight, as they began to arrive under the red marquee. The signs were half painted, except for a banner that read, "The World Famous Stratford Festival Company—The Times," but the front of the theatre displayed photographs,



MACLEAN'S

eight feet high, of scenes from Tamburlaine. The Canadians walked from one picture to another, searching for themselves in the tangled groupings. Ted Follows, who played one of Tamburlaine's sons, pulled his hands out of his overcoat pocket and observed that they were trembling.

"I hear this is a wonderful show," said Dave Gardner, the actor who delivers the prologue, in a clear voice, as a group of pedestrians loitered to look at the pictures.

"It has those marvelous Canadian actors in it," agreed William Hutt clearly.

Two men in narrow New York suits paused to stare idly at the display.

"This is the show that cost so much money, isn't it?" one asked the other.

"Yeah, it's from Canada. They got lots of dough up there."

The next day, Monday, was an off-day for the company to permit stage hands to set up Tamburlaine scenery.

Rehearsals began Tuesday afternoon and continued till midnight. Tamburlaine had to be restaged completely because the Winter Garden stage would not permit entrances and exits over the footlights and through the orchestra pit, as at Toronto's Royal Alex.

"From Canada," said a New Yorker eyeing the marquee. "Lots of dough up there."

The actors bowed to a standing ovation. Most of them felt numb and some cried

The changes were tedious and minute, reflecting Guthrie's passion for precision and perfection. Robert Christie, who had always made his entrance on the count of eight, quickened his timing and learned to enter on the count of six.

"Leave your costume alone!" Guthrie roared at Eric House. "You're taking little suburban tweaks at it all the time!"

He paused to rearrange the fallen bodies on a staircase. "Thor," he called, "try it with your left knee on the bottom stair; your *left* knee, you silly fool! No, take it back and go to the second step. That's better."

"Don't breathe after the word 'time'!" Guthrie shouted at another actor. "Unless I beat you every day you forget you're not to breathe!"

While they worked, the Winter Garden spread its rows of scarlet seats in front of them. The theatre is the proudest possession of the Shuberts, set aside for nearly half a century for great musicals. In recent years *Wonderful Town* and *Plain And Fancy* played in the Winter Garden; in the Twenties Al Jolson sang *Mammy* for the first time in the Winter Garden, kneeling on a piano in the orchestra pit to get closer to the audience.

Rehearsal the following day began at ten-thirty in the morning, the cast and Guthrie taut with nerves and fatigue. Producers' Theatre had invited about eight hundred students of New York high schools to attend a dress rehearsal performance, free of charge.

All through the afternoon, Guthrie and the cast worked over small movements. Quayle played his role without projecting his voice, to save his throat. A make-up man sat in the empty house, studying the effect of the lights on body make-up he was smearing on the chests, backs, arms and legs of most of the actors. Because of the extreme messiness of body make-up, the Tamburlaine company had found excuses to avoid wearing it in Toronto. They claimed that no showers were available to wash it off, that the color was wrong, that the human skin is too sensitive for so much make-up.

Producers' Theatre was working out an ingenious solution to the shortage of showers, since the Winter Garden had but three. Anthony Quayle had one in his dressing room, Coral Browne and Barbara Chilcott shared another; this left one shower for seventy-three actors. It was decided to distribute pyjamas to the entire company, to be worn over the body make-up in order to protect street clothes from stain while the actors went to their hotel rooms to wash.

The company took an hour break at dinner time, just before the performance for the high-school students was to begin. Some put overcoats over their costumes and, with blood-stained headbands, hair in wild disarray and faces thick with make-up, went to the next-door drugstore for a hamburger. They ate stolidly, heavy with tiredness, and ignored the stares.

When the curtain went up for the performance early that evening, the actors could feel that the house was empty. A misunderstanding in the arrangements with the students had occurred; the theatre was sprinkled with fewer than forty people, most of them expensively dressed and regally mannered. Among them were actors Alec Guinness and Tyrone Power, and Sir Beverley Baxter.

The cast of *Tamburlaine*, relaxed by

weariness and the deserted feeling of the dark theatre, gave the finest performance in its till-then brief hectic career. "I'm afraid," murmured the assistant director, Tom Brown, "I'm afraid they are *too* good tonight."

The skimpy audience applauded while the cast, grinning broadly, practiced curtain calls. When the curtain came down, an electrician turned off all the lights but a bare-bulb working light over the stage, and Guthrie gathered the cast for a few final instructions.

"Eric, you are saying 'croolest,' with two syllables, instead of crew-el-est, with three. Watch that. And we'd better run through the scene with the three crowns again. You haven't got the timing of the clapping right."

The company rehearsed some more, going seven times over the entrance of a messenger that Guthrie wanted to have a shocking impact. When he was satisfied, he called the cast together for the last time. They stood in a wide curve around him. Quayle, in a Paisley dressing gown, was heaving and his face shone with perspiration; some actors had done the scene in the newly issued pyjamas; the rest drooped in their gilded felt armor and draped cloaks, their faces sagging with exhaustion. Guthrie surveyed them slowly.

"Well," he said softly at last, "hasn't it been fun getting up a play. Good night."

"Greatest Canadian uprising"

Most of the actors planned to put in the daylight hours the next day sleeping late, watching a movie in the afternoon and eating an early dinner. Instead they found themselves walking the streets of Broadway restlessly, meeting one another and having little to say.

No one in the cast, after the opening-night performance was over, could tell if *Tamburlaine* had been good or bad. They lined up, three rows deep and shoulder to shoulder, across the Winter Garden stage and bent their heads for six curtain calls. They heard the applause and the cheers, realized through the dazzle of the footlights that most of the audience was standing. Most of them felt numb and strange and some cried.

A few minutes later, William Shatner opened a bottle of champagne in the dressing room he shared with Robert Christie and William Hutt. Christie found, to his adult astonishment, that there were tears on his face. Hutt leaped to a chair and screamed with joy. Shatner passed the bottle and said fervently, "This is the happiest night of my life."

The actors straggled out of the theatre some time later and went to hotel rooms to shower and dress for the party. They had an hour or two to wait for the early papers, twelve hours before all the seven critics in New York could be read. John Chapman of the *News* was still writing, calling *Tamburlaine* "the greatest Canadian uprising." *Tamburlaine* was already doomed to be a connoisseur's delight and a commercial failure. Succeeding performances were played to houses more than half empty, despite the unanimous appreciation of the critics for Guthrie and his Canadians. Within three weeks the actors were trailing home to Toronto and Montreal to look for work at the CBC to fill the gap. But no member of *Tamburlaine* would ever forget that night when Canada's Stratford Festival Company opened on Broadway. ★

Read

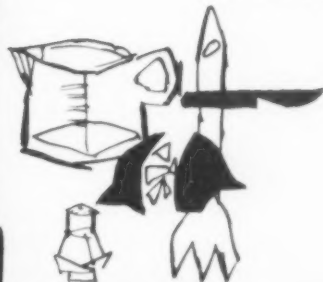
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"The Work of Mercy Never Ends"

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

centuries which makes a visitor feel that he has mysteriously wandered into Europe.

As a Protestant brought up to believe that Roman Catholics were a bad, bad lot, it is interesting to note that the Catholic Church lends beauty and aestheticism to the view. The cathedral spires of Montreal brood over the city as if to say, "Remember the realm of the spirit, for it is by the spirit that man must live."

How wise our ancestors were to give the French in Canada the right to pursue their own way of life. I know that it creates problems, but it also preserves the differentiation between the Canadian and the American. If sometimes we grow impatient about Great Britain and lament the indecision that occasionally characterizes her leadership, we might remember how wisely she guided us in the outer empire to independence and nationhood.

But what of Toronto? Yes indeed, what of Toronto? That city of uplift and subway has become the boom town of North America. I had the pleasure of lunching with the chairman and officers of the Toronto Stock Exchange in the very holy of holies of that institution. Let the drums beat and the bugles blow. The Toronto Exchange is the second biggest in all North America.

What a scene it was on the floor! What a system of organized chaos it presented! The noise was so terrific that one wonders how they distinguish between buyers and sellers. But then Canada is zooming into a vast new prosperity that will never never end. What never? No never.

It is not to be wondered at that Torontonians, and probably Canadians in general, are acquiring a certain arrogance which is interesting to encounter. Nor do I use that word in criticism. The present arrogance of the Canadian is like that of one of Britain's crack regiments which proudly boasted in the war, "The incredible we accomplished at once. The impossible will take a little longer."

For generations Canada was a junior member of the English-speaking family, caught between the giants of Great Britain and the U. S. A. I can even remember when we used to think of ourselves as the interpreter between the two and we bore ourselves with the modesty of the intermediary.

But now in an era of immense development Canada has almost everything in the way of raw materials that modern industrialism needs. Not even the ungarnished wheat crops of the prairies can bring more than a passing shadow on the scene. In such a vibrant period Great Britain seems further away than in the days of sailing vessels. John Bull is now regarded by many Canadians with the affection and the tolerance of a young man watching his father run a rather out-of-date family business. The young man will remember his father's birthday and will even allow him to sit on the platform at the annual meeting, but afterward he will expect the old boy to go to his club and have an afternoon nap.

And after all what is the picture Great Britain presents at this time? A plague of strikes that were as idiotic as they were passionate. A foreign policy that seems to be opportunist, except that Britain never seems to seize the opportunity. A Labor Party preaching the outdated policy of nationalization, and a Conservative Party preaching free enterprise in chains.

As long as Churchill was prime min-

ister, Great Britain spoke with a strong voice. Now that he has gone our critics say that it is a case of sunset and evening star.

I wish that I could proclaim this picture is totally false, but that would not be the truth. Yet it would be equally wrong to say that Britain has sunk into a decline from which she will not emerge.

Britain is more than a nation, more even than the centre of a vast commonwealth and empire. She is the laboratory of civilization. From her womb came the institution of constitutional monarchy which makes the sovereign not the first ruler of the state but the first servant.

It was Britain who guided her principal colonies to dominion status. It was the British navy that kept the peace of the world from Waterloo to 1914. When France fell before the onslaught of Hitler's hordes, it was Britain who held the gates. If today she seems weary and indecisive it is because she has had no respite. Britain has much to learn from North America in achieving a genuine partnership between capital and labor, despite the fact that it was in Britain that the trade union movement was born. Memories are

Today's hostess

Dinner bells are chiming
For triumphs that reveal
With what finesse and timing
Our hostess thaws the meal!

THOMAS USK

long and organized labor still recalls the hungry Forties and the general strike of 1926.

Too big a proportion of the British labor movement has a haunting fear of working itself out of a job.

Yet while we set down these indisputable facts, there is the other side of the picture. Britain has no unemployment, nor has she experienced such a thing for many years.

What is more, we have established the welfare state which has done away with the threat of the workhouse. And all this was accomplished in the years following the Hitler war when so many of our industrial centres had been bombed to rubble.

My mind is stocked with vivid memories from this trip that is now coming to an end. There was the night flight from Montreal to New York when that great city on the Hudson, as seen from the air, looked as if it were *en fête* and would never go to bed. What a city it is—so vivid, so courageous, so talkative, so expensive. There was certainly an arrogance in the hearts of the men who built those skyscrapers that challenge the realm of the stars.

There is also beauty and pathos in Nassau where wealth seeks a winter respite and the colored people move with a grace and courtesy that makes one wonder if they were not in the beginning of the world the first aristocrats.

And now I am going back to England where at the port of landing a courteous customs inspector will deal with us as if he were an ambassador and we were minor royalties.

A silly little train, like something out of the nursery, will be waiting to whisk us to London. And when the train starts a uniformed attendant will ask us if we would care for a whisky and soda, and thank us when we say yes.

Through the murky countryside with its church steeples silhouetted against a dull moist sky we shall hurry on our way, until at last we move through

regiments of chimney pots and end up with a squeak of triumph from the engine as we slide into Waterloo Station.

It will probably be a soggy day in London and, as usual, the great metropolis will look as if a dab of rouge would not do her any harm. The crowded omnibuses will waddle through the almost stationary traffic, and the sentries at Buckingham Palace will be quite unmoved by the fact that we have returned from foreign parts.

Then home, the open fireplace, and a long, long talk into the night. Next day it will be back to the House of Commons, where the chap next to me will ask, "Did you go abroad, old boy?" and will not be the least interested in learning that I did.

A strange contentment will come over me like a gentle mist, and the Toronto Stock Exchange will seem more distant than Tibet.

It was always so and it will always be so. But sometimes in the soggy dreariness of London's winter my mind will stray to the gleaming roofs and turrets of Montreal, the extravaganza of New York, and I shall hear again the voices of the colored men singing to the moon by the waterfront in Jamaica.

Two days later I shall experience that curious feeling that I have not been away at all, and that the shouting I heard in the Toronto Stock Exchange was really the police at the House of Commons bellowing to us that a division is on.

Yet from time to time my mind will return to this new Canada, this dominion that has suddenly found herself and is so certain of her destiny. Her future is limitless, her strength is that of a giant, her confidence is complete.

Perhaps she will evolve a civilization that will be the envy of the world. There was a great cry fifty-six years ago that the twentieth century would belong to Canada. More than half the century is gone, but before it has run its course the world may see a Canada of fifty million people, strong of purpose, strong in leadership, strong in faith and strong in the development of the limitless resources nature bestowed upon her.

By that time even the reconstruction of University Avenue in Toronto may have been carried out, and that famous thoroughfare will have taken its place as the Champs Elysées of the New World.

Many years ago when I was in the piano business in Toronto an English remittance man came out from London. He played the piano in a sort of way and he wrote a song which went like this:

A land with glorious sunshine blest
Where freedom reigns from east to west,
A land o'er all the world the best
Is Canada my home.
There grows the world-famed golden wheat;
There lie the prairies scented sweet;
There oceans, lakes and mountains meet
In Canada my home.
Chorus:
On, onward unto fame
All nations thee shall acclaim;
A land of strength and liberty
Whose homes are filled with joy.
Rule, rule with power and with might
Thou whose homes are so bright.
May peace and happiness unite
In Canada my home.

He was a doughty drinker. But let me tell you that the music he put to his words is almost as thrilling as the French national anthem which set that nation on fire in the Revolution. At any rate, he saw more clearly with his bleary eyes than most of us whose eyes are as innocent as those of a gazelle. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



In a three-week reporting marathon June Callwood talks to Tamburlaine actors.

Writing's no way to gain weight

MISS JUNE CALLWOOD, who is always full of helpful hints, has come up with a brand-new method of losing weight, and, as usual, we're happy to pass her system on to our readers. Briefly, it goes like this:

Spend three weeks researching and writing an article about the theatre. See the play at least ten times. Interview all seventy-six cast members as well as producer, director, stagehands and make-up experts. Travel on a day coach for thirteen hours between Toronto and New York listening to understudies reading their lines and featured players roaring sea shanties. Haunt the theatre, live in the wings, help with make-up, stay up all night at Sardi's waiting for the critics' reviews, catch a plane back to Toronto, gulp Benzedrine, and then chain yourself to a typewriter from noon Monday to noon Tuesday without sleep.

Miss Callwood did not realize that this was a method of losing weight until along about the third week. She clocked herself for three days and discovered she'd dropped five pounds. She says, though, that dieting is easier on the constitution.

She got the assignment a few days after Tamburlaine the Great went into rehearsal in Toronto. Since then she's seen Christopher Marlowe's play so often that she can recite most of it by heart. And she stuck so closely to the players from that moment on that the doormen of the Winter Garden in New York, where the show was produced, made her sign the book provided by Equity, the actors' trade union.

In the final rehearsals in New York there were only four people watching from the cavernous pit of the Winter Garden—a make-up man, a lighting expert, Tyrone Guthrie, the director, and our Miss Callwood.

She admits that she was more than a little in awe of the mercurial Guthrie, whose word is law when rehearsals are in progress. Two charwomen had just fled in terror from the theatre before the blast of his tongue and, Miss Callwood tells us, "I was afraid to turn a page in my notebook for fear I'd get thrown out, too."

Actually she didn't get much chance to write in her notebook because the cast had soon collared her to do odd jobs, such as checking on make-up. Robert Whitehead, the show's producer, called her "the Florence Nightingale of the production" and when the first night's performance was over, she was invited along to the champagne party that followed—and thence to Sardi's, the famous restaurant where actors traditionally wait for the critics' reviews.

"The place usually closes at 2:30 but the Canadians kept it open until 4:30," Miss Callwood reported, somewhat wearily. "Steve Allen and Rogers and Hammerstein were sitting at a nearby table and Bill Shatner, who plays one of Tamburlaine's captains, insisted on reading all the reviews to them. Allen kept nodding genially and saying, over and over again: 'Isn't that wonderful?'"

And, says Miss Callwood, despite the lack of sleep, so it was. ★



MACLEAN'S

A sudden switch in suits

Artist Arbuckle went up to Foster Hewitt's gondola in Maple Leaf Gardens to paint our cover for this issue. The Leafs, as usual, were wearing their home uniforms, and Canadiens their road uniforms. But that has now been changed since our cover went to press. Arbuckle also has an answer for another question: How come Canadiens, with two men in the penalty box, are furiously attacking? Arbuckle comes from Montreal and maintains four Canadiens can match six Leafs any day.

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BEFORE it was half over this winter was already down in our books as one of the snowiest ever, judging both from the weather reports and Parade's mail. And the splendid thing was the way Canadians were taking it—in stride and with plenty of the old pioneer resourcefulness.

A ninety-seven-year-old woman in Elrose, Sask., invited out for dinner but unable to get to her beauty-parlor appointment beforehand because passenger cars couldn't buck the drifts, called a garage and had a tow truck come and get her.

When the whole area around Sylvan Lake, Alta., was snowed in solid a snooper on the party telephone line heard one farm housewife exclaiming, "We're just packed in on this hilltop—can't get out in any direction." To which her neighbor replied in a flutter of thankfulness, "Oh, I guess we're lucky here. We can get as far as the cemetery."

...

The menu at a Toronto restaurant indulges in quite a few elaborate French flourishes, but our favorite line on it is the one that reads, "Rolls *et* butter."

...

Inevitably there were those unfortunate citizens who steadfastly took whatever winter handed out but crumpled helplessly when betrayed by their fellow men. Thus a chap in Sudbury, Ont., uncomplainingly shoveled out his driveway after a heavy fall, and then watched speechless from his window as a neighbor shoveled all the snow from the adjoining drive onto the one he'd



just cleared. Police hauled him, gibbering, away to court after he'd rushed out with a hammer and smashed in both his neighbor's headlights.

And in the crowded parking area near the Fredericton, N.B., arena, another motorist nonchalantly plunged his car right into a snowbank, explaining to the worried constable on duty that his new chains would get him out again all right. He even proved it by backing out and in again. Then he went in to watch the game, the cop went on about his duties, and some dastardly thief jacked up the car and swiped the chains.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

We've just heard about a war veteran in Vancouver who has suddenly developed a case of postwar twitch, for which nobody can blame him at all. Having survived the hostilities unscathed he recently entered the DVA hospital in Vancouver over some minor medical matter, and was recuperating happily in a top-floor ward beside a big bright window. Suddenly there was a deafening crash and he was smothered by flying glass as the window exploded in all directions. After the poor fellow



climbed out from under the bed he found the missile he'd been dive bombed with—a chunky knucklebone which some gull must have picked up off a dump and accidentally dropped just over the hospital.

...

There's an income-tax payer in Winnipeg whose bitterest suspicions about the government's attitude toward its victims have been confirmed. Shortly after the tax had been remitted this citizen received the usual printed acknowledgement, including the request that in case of further correspondence reference should be made to the taxpayer's serial number—SAP 7088.

...

A kindly fellow in Kamloops, B.C., unwittingly played a dirty trick on a hobo he met shuffling through town, when his generosity got the better of him. The hobo asked him for a light for the stub of a hand-rolled cigarette that hung limply from his lips so our would-be Samaritan said, "Throw that away and have one from my pack." He lit this for the fellow and left him happily puffing on it as he himself ducked into a hardware store to make a minor purchase. When he emerged a moment later he came on the hobo trying to bum a quarter from a passing cowboy who denounced him with the words, "Nothing doing—any man who can smoke tailor-mades has more money than I have."

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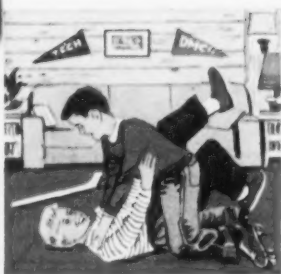
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